

ONCE A WEEK

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(See page 12.)

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

WILL electricity soon supersede steam as a motive power?

In this land of railroads, where everybody travels, and each improvement in the already marvelous and luxurious appliances of swift transit is of interest to all classes, this question is now daily asked by hundreds of thousands of persons. The recent experiments at Baltimore, at Nantasket Beach, and on the Consolidated and Chicago and Northern Pacific Roads, seem to point toward its answer in the affirmative. Yet it is probable that the twentieth century will be well started on its course before express trains will whiz over the main lines at the rate of eighty or a hundred miles an hour—through tunnels in which there will be no more smoke or soot, and drawn by motors which do not yell and shriek and splutter and require vast meals of grimy coal every half-hour.

It was natural that, after the immense spread of the trolley system for surface transit in cities and suburbs, the attention of electricians should be turned to long-distance rapid transit by electrical power. Within six or seven years a thousand companies, operating ten thousand miles of municipal rails by the trolley, have sprung up, and in these and in other electric motor properties no less than five hundred million dollars are invested. Think what the investment would be if all the lines within the boundaries of the United States and Canada were to desert steam and adopt the heaven-born power for which Dr. Franklin, in the last century, prophesied such a marvelous application to the uses of mortals on this earth!

But the form of motor which is to give the predicted wonderful results is not yet decided upon. The experiments at Nantasket and Baltimore are very encouraging, but they demonstrate mainly the efficiency of motors and electric locomotives in hauling heavy trains short distances speedily. In point of strength and speed the electric motor leaves nothing to be desired; but in economy steam is still its superior. Before electricity can be applied to the rapid passage of trains over many hundreds of miles of rail a perfected motor will have to be found; the overhead trolley wire must disappear, and power must be furnished from wires laid in the road bed. Furthermore, the bearings of car-wheels and many other appliances of the present passenger cars will have to be changed before trains can safely run at the speed possible for electrical engines. Then we shall indeed have the "lightning train."

Leading electricians assert that the method of furnishing the force for such a train will undoubtedly be the transmission by wire of power from power-houses at regular intervals along the railroad line. The electrical locomotive dispenses with the fireman, and this on a main line would mean a substantial economy. Its wear and tear is nothing compared to that of the engine moved by steam. Little by little the cost of its operation will be brought down below that of the present system. Then we can travel six score miles in the time which is now takes us to travel three score. The reorganization of business, the multiplication of commercial opportunities, which must ensue, are beyond calculation. The vastness of the changes certain to follow this new harnessing of the lightning will astonish the people of 1900 far more than the great progress achieved by steam in this century has made us marvel.

The annihilation of distance by the electric spark is the crowning triumph of our epoch. The perfection of telegraphy resulted in a vast mental expansion for all civilized races. Horizons melted away, and prejudices went with them. The "human comedy" is touched at every corner by this celestial fire, which condescends to be the humble servant of man for the good of humanity. As the telegraph widened man's sphere of thought, so now the electrical locomotive is to enlarge it again, and to make it susceptible of almost infinite expansion. The modern man is no longer capable of surprise. He will accept as a matter of course the improvement which will enable him to journey from New York to San Francisco in two days. But the historian, when he traces the progress of the epoch, will consider it as dazzling as the flash of lightning from the key appended to the Philadelphia philosopher's kite almost a century and a half ago.

The romance of exploration has had a fresh chapter added to it by the finding, in a cave in a wild and desolate part of Greenland, of the skeletons of eighteen men. At present there is no clew to their identity, but the Danish Government has sent a warship to the coast, with instructions to the officers to make a thorough investigation.

The mystery of the frozen North has both terror and pathos in it. Imagine the dread fate of this little band of devoted explorers, the slow death of the heroic men in the far island waste, and the secret of their tragedy remaining locked in the bosom of the icy uplands until the very memory of their expedition has passed from the minds of men!

ONCE A WEEK struck a popular chord in proposing a new crusade against the Turk and his possession of the holy places of the Christian religion. The proposition is destined to have a wide echo not only in this country, but in Europe. If France and Russia were to-morrow jointly to propose the neutralization of Jerusalem and the other shrine-cities of Holy Land, under a combined occupation of the Christian Powers, no important State in Europe would demur. Turkey has forfeited all right to any surveillance over Christians in the East by her abominable massacres and brutish tyranny.

The decline of the gambler is one of the striking features of this end of the century period. He has disappeared from the turf, in and about New York and the principal summer resorts, where once he paraded with lordly mien. The tiger of the watering-place has discreetly retreated to the deepest recesses of his cave. A wail went up from Saratoga because it was feared that the "season" and its brilliancy would suffer. But such is not the case. The gentlemen are returning to the turf, now that the other class has left it; and they will spend more money, and add more style and sprightliness to the "seasons" than the adventurers were ever able to do.

The "new woman" who peruses the pages of the latest volume from the pen of Edward Von Hartmann, the German pessimist, will be very likely to find her cheeks burning and her indignation rising; and it will not be strange if her passionate resentment of his declaration as to the position of woman in society culminates in a response which will astonish him.

Hartmann throws gallantry to the winds, and proceeds at once to deny to woman equal rights with man. Woman, he remarks, possesses a powerful influence over man, produced by the difference in sex; and, "so long as the mysterious power remains unimpaired, we must, by way of compensation, uphold the legal superiority of man, so that the balance may in some measure be readjusted. If we listened," he adds, "to the woman emancipationists, and deprived men of all their privileges in State and society, in law

and morality, we should inaugurate a period of female rule unparalleled in history and known only in legend." I shall await with impatience the reply of some optimistic new woman to this burrowing German.

Is the bazaar system of stores becoming topheavy?

The failure of the great "Leader" store in Chicago last week has excited much comment in commercial circles, and whether the sheriff will be called upon to act with civil or with criminal processes seems to matter little; the fact of the failure alone and what caused it are the engrossing topics in connection with the case. It may be that the "Leader," as a grab-all, was just one too many; or that a neat scoop of cash under the law of assignment may be made, as was done here last winter in a now celebrated case of fraudulent transfer of bazaar goods not paid for by the assignor; or the "Leader" may have sold too many dollars' worth below cost of production, and not enough goods at a reasonable profit; or the wages of the employees, being a little something that could not be all fined away, may have figured down a little too low in the "Leader" plans for the summer trade.

It is more probable, however, that the "Leader" was an aggravated case of the bazaar system at its worst. The loss involved is variously stated at sums ranging both ways from a quarter of a million dollars—a large sum for a very extensive retail store under the regular trade system, but a sum surprisingly large for a department store that claims to buy goods for spot cash and at prices that the manufacturers even do not accept under ordinary circumstances. As I have intimated, the failure must be due to an extraordinarily reckless selling at any price—which is the basic principle of the system. To the thinking mind, this feature alone of the bazaar business is fraught with mischievous possibilities, to say nothing of the violation of employment laws that now seem to demand the attention of the Reinhard Investigating Committee in this State.

That committee began its detective work on the East Side of this city a few days ago, and found conditions of wretchedness, of wage-slavery and of child-labor among the sweatshops that are almost unprintable; and it is a little significant that since the committee has been at its work of personal investigation the department stores have become quite watchful and not a little less demonstrative toward the purchasing public.



But the bazaars will find that the committee has full power to report on the general features of these great combinations, not only in reference to their treatment of employees, but also in their relation to the public welfare. The grab-all bazaar system must be judged as a whole, and the main point to be considered is, Are these stores the result of business energy and enterprise, or are they run at the expense of the general public, of other dealers in special lines and of their subordinate employees? This question must be considered squarely.

The crisis in the Canadian Cabinet has proved less serious than was at first apprehended, two out of the three French Ministers who resigned their portfolios on Monday having been induced to return to the fold on the understanding that remedial legislation would be enforced next session. Hon. A. M. Angers, the Minister of Agriculture, alone refused to re-enter the Cabinet. Referring to the action of his colleagues in a speech in the Senate on Thursday, Hon. A. M. Angers declared that he would not follow their example, having no faith in the promises of Sir Mackenzie Bowell. The Premier, who was present, made a scathing reply. The vacant portfolio will probably be given to Sir Hector Langevin, who, by his timely aid earlier in the week, saved the Government from defeat in the Commons.

The excitement in the House on Thursday evening was unprecedented. All the members were in their seats from three o'clock in the afternoon, and the galleries were packed with spectators. Lady Aberdeen occupied a seat on the floor of the House. An angry debate took place on the action of the French Ministers, and on that of the Government in promising remedial legislation next session. Speeches were made by Hon. Mr. Foster, Sir Adolphe Caron, Hon. J. A. Ouimet, Hon. M. Laurier and Dalton McCarthy. The latter has led the campaign against the Roman Catholic separate schools, and he now boasts that the support he commands is strong enough to wreck any Government that should attempt to force a separate school system on Manitoba.

Several French Conservative members renounced their allegiance to the Government and voted with the Opposition when a division took place on M. Laurier's motion to adjourn the debate. The vote was defeated, however, by 116 to 82, showing a majority of thirty-



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four for the Government. But it is still thought that the Administration will be unable to hold out much longer. The conduct of the returning Ministers has been severely criticised, and no doubt their following will be much weakened in Quebec.

The energetic operation of the excise law without reference to political "pulls" is a nine days' wonder in this city, where the vicious doctrine that the enforcement of a law is optional has so long prevailed. It will doubtless result in amended legislation very soon, and Sunday opening of all respectable saloons at fixed hours should be one of the features of any new law.

Meantime there is nothing in the cry of some persons, who pretend to represent the masses, against the so-called favoritism which allows rich men to drink at their clubs on Sundays, while the poor man's saloon is closed. Poor men who can afford to squander their money on beer and whiskey and cigars can easily afford to found clubs where they would have the same privileges as the rich man. And in such clubs they would be infinitely better off than in the grotesquely misnamed "saloons."

The strength of a prejudice is well illustrated by the hesitating manner in which the local judge before whom Joseph Barondess, the labor leader, came to be made an American citizen, received his statement that he was not an Anarchist. Barondess has been a conspicuous opponent of the baser sort of Socialists, and a denouncer of the stupid Anarchists, ever since he became interested in helping his fellow-workmen out of the slough. But some one had called him an Anarchist, and the mistaken epithet had prejudiced the American public against a high-minded and self-sacrificing man.

The young Czar is getting a taste of conspiracy. An extensive plot against his life has been discovered, and among the conspirators arrested were six pardoned Nihilists. This will give him a full idea of the grimness of the war waged against him. He rewarded the Chief of Police who, by catching the plotters, probably saved his life, with ten thousand rubles.

Marshal Martinez Campos's resignation is already openly discussed in Madrid. As a "pacifier" he has not been a conspicuous success. He threatens Cuba with sixty thousand more Spanish troops, and to the insurgent found with weapons in his hands he promises "no quarter." Meantime the Cuban patriots are redoubling their efforts for independence.

Mr. Gladstone's ringing message to the Liberals of London, demanding the vindication of the rights of the House of Commons, and the "consolidation of the strength of the Empire, by conceding the just constitutional claims of Ireland," will have a tremendous effect upon the English elections.

The value of good roads is admirably illustrated in the case of Charlotte, N. C. This pleasant town has progressed phenomenally in business in the last two years, and a correspondent of *The Manufacturers' Record* says that it is mainly due to the good roads built from the town into the surrounding country. The county now has thirty-three miles of first-class macadamized roads, which have cost twenty-eight hundred dollars per mile. It also owns its own road-making plant, and employs much convict labor.

Work at Last



With regard to the wisdom of working convicts out-of-doors, and keeping them in "camps," there is a wide divergence between South and North. Yet when one witnesses the impudence and idleness of the tramps who infest the roads of the North, one cannot help wishing that they might be made, by forced labor, to improve the routes along which they beg their way.

Back in the Seventies that enterprising corporation, the Lake Shore Railroad Company, lent material aid to the Good Roads movement in Northern Indiana, enabling the farmers and villagers along the line to get easy transportation of gravel to lay upon the clay deposits in many townships. The history of the good roads fight in the neighborhood of Ligonier, Ind., and the thriving towns round about there, shows what a community can do when they have made up their minds to go to work and do it. Farm transportation per ton per mile costs as little in that section now as it does in the best improved parts of Massachusetts.

The Lake Shore has received ample returns for its help at the beginning. It is popular among the people along the line. Rural and village passenger traffic by rail is surprisingly large, in proportion to the popula-

tion. Grain elevators, cattle yards, hay and fruit sheds at every important station are well patronized. Industrially and commercially that entire section has been directly benefited, all as a result of the good roads.

Ambassador Eustis has disavowed an interview, published in the Paris *Figaro*, in which he is credited with remarks concerning the United States' foreign policy which would be eminently indiscreet in the mouth of a diplomatic representative on active service. It appears that the basis of the interview was a conversation with a French author, who was not known to Mr. Eustis as a journalist. Since the occurrence the Ambassador has incidentally remarked that "fake interviews" are common in this country; and that when he was in the Senate they were often invented for him by reporters who had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with him.

Herbert Spencer replied, with some warmth, to an Italian journal which had called him a Socialist, that, "considered in his own country and abroad as a champion of individualism, he can only express his audacity at any one who seeks to use his name to uphold Socialism. Since I began to write," he adds, "my hostility to Socialism has been made perfectly manifest."

The old-fashioned British Conservatives are beginning to complain that there is "a little too much Birmingham" in the new Cabinet. The chances of an overwhelming Conservative victory at the coming elections are by no means so good as they were a fortnight ago.

An ingenious wight with a taste for observation has broached the theory that omnipresence of the bicycler in Knickerbockers may perhaps soon bring back the "knee-breeches" such as our great-grandfathers wore, and with them the Continental costume, as it prevailed at the time of the Revolution. If this were to happen, all persons of good taste would rejoice in the prevalence of the bicycling "fad." It would at least have caused a genuine dress reform. *KNICKER-BOCKER* With old-time stateliness in *dress* would come back the gracious manners of the old school. We may yet live to see "Our Chauncey" making his way downtown clad in an embroidered, voluminous-skirted coat of the Revolutionary type, a flowery waistcoat and knee-breeches and silken hose; and stopping to take snuff with a crony from a snuff-box with a miniature painted upon its lid, while he retells one of his perennially pleasing stories.

Judge Gaynor has granted a stay in the case of ex-Inspector McLaughlin of this city, convicted of extortion and sentenced to imprisonment. The ex-Inspector has been released from the Tombs, under fifty thousand dollars bail.

Nicolas Pierola, head of the revolutionary party in Peru, has been elected President.

Ex-Governor Stevenson of Idaho committed suicide at San Luis Obispo, Cal., on July 7, by taking laudanum. He was despondent because helpless with sciatica.

The latest variation in the Hawaiian opera boutle is Queen Lil's declaration of her intention to form a matrimonial alliance with a Japanese count, as a step toward a plot for overthrowing the Republic by Japanese intervention.

Julia Arthur, the American actress, has appeared at the Lyceum Theatre in London, as Rosamond in "Pecket," replacing Miss Ellen Terry for a time. She achieved a marked success.

Kaiser Wilhelm has just shown his resentment of the enthusiastic manner in which his subjects applaud the Socialistic sentiments in Gerhard Hauptmann's play, "The Weavers." He recently withdrew his subscription from the Deutsche Theatre in Berlin where the play was performed, and had the Imperial Arms, which adorned his box, taken down. The manager of the theatre quietly observed that he could not prevent people from applauding what they liked.

President Cleveland's summer home, Gray Gables, was gladdened by the advent of a baby girl on July 7. This is Mrs. Cleveland's third daughter. Ruth and Esther have Biblical names, and there will be some curiosity about the naming of the third baby.

Sixty thousand carrier pigeons were recently released in Paris, to return to the various regions from which they had been brought. The birds wheeled around for some minutes in circles before streaming off in long columns toward their various destinations.

The significance of Emperor Wilhelm's visit to Stockholm, while the relations between Sweden and Norway are so strained, will escape no one. In the kiss of peace exchanged between King Oscar and the young German Emperor may lie *perdu* the promise of a warlike alliance.

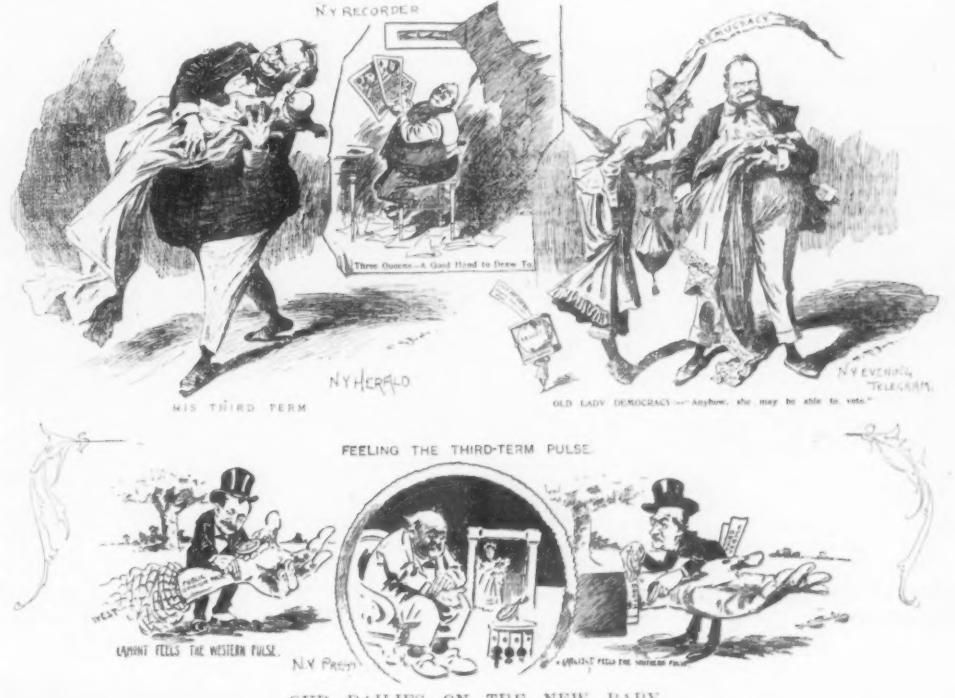
It would seem as if it were an inalienable right of the hard worked business man to be shaved on Sunday without being hounded as if he were a criminal. This belief is so general that the oppressed barber has tested the constitutionality of the law, but has been worsted.

Bishop Potter of this city is spending a month among the poor of the East Side, at the Cathedral Mission. As office he has a small, scantily furnished room, and his bedroom overlooks a wilderness of tenements. The mission adjoins a block in which two thousand people are said to live.

Rear-Admiral Curtis, retired, of England, died on July 10, in a boat in Portsmouth Harbor, where he had just been visiting some visiting Italian warships.

David A. Daboll, the well-known publisher of "The New England Almanac," died July 8 at Centre Groton, Conn., at the ripe age of eighty-two.

Ex-President Harrison has gone into camp in the North Woods, at First Lake, Fulton Chain, and will remain in the Adirondacks until October.



THE RAILROAD BRANCH OF THE Y. M. C. A. IN NEW YORK CITY.

ALTHOUGH but one of many edifices devoted to the same purpose, the New York City railroad men's building is probably the finest of its kind in the country. It was presented to the Young Men's Christian Association by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and is situated on the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, adjoining the busy yards of the Grand Central Depot. Trainmen from all the railroads centering there are among the members of this branch, and may be found at all hours enjoying the comforts of their splendid club-house. The genial secretary, Mr. G. A. Warburton, will object to the name "club," but no other appellation will convey the idea of the comforts of the place, for the railroad branch includes features not found in the general Y. M. C. A. buildings, such as sleeping apartments and restaurant. The whole building is also thoroughly comfortable and cozy, especially the library. The glare and excitement of the railroad man's life are excluded from this charming retreat.



where he may seclude himself and renew his spirit for the next rush into the noise and smoke of his exciting life.

The large general sitting-room is particularly appreciated by sociable members, who gather at games of skill, smoke and exchange experiences or write letters to the folks at home. Although the room is very large, by an arrangement of settees it is separated into cozy corners and roomy divisions. The concert hall upstairs is provided with organ and piano. Entertainments are given frequently, except in the summer months. An



THE RESTAURANT.

unique feature of the establishment is the restaurant and lunch counter, built upon the railroad plan.

The association of which this branch forms a part was originated by a once dissolute employee of one of the railroads centering in Cleveland, O., who, having been reformed and desiring to aid his fellows, enlisted the co-operation of the Young Men's Christian Association in 1872, and the growth began which has kept pace with the development of the railways until it extends all over this Continent.

The refining influences of the recreations, concerts and entertainments, the educational possibilities of the evening classes, the pleasures of the reading-rooms and libraries, and the courses of informal lectures have taken the place of street loitering and idle dissipations, while in the case of the New York branch the members

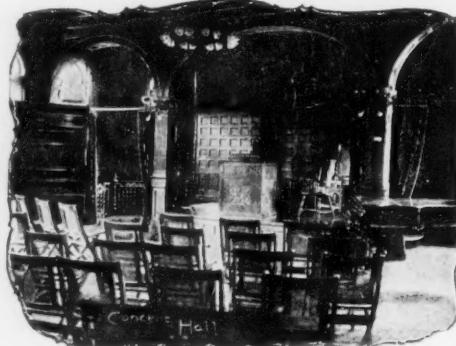


THE LIBRARY.



have organized a Building and Loan Association which has been highly successful. It began with a membership of eighty-seven in March, 1890, and growing until at the present time there are seven hundred members, representing seven thousand five hundred shares, valued altogether at one million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The New York branch also issues a monthly publication called *New York Railroad Men*.

The managing committee, composed of the higher officials of the railroad companies, such men as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew and H. Walter Webb, contribute not only their financial support, but devote their time and superior business experience to the general direction of the branches. The committees



charged with the details of the association work are chosen from among the employees, and these various committees, coming together frequently, bring employer and employee into close relations, with the practical result that the friendships thus formed lessen the likelihood of stubborn misunderstandings and strikes. This—existing and developing as it does throughout the length and breadth of the land, in all the various meeting-rooms of the railroad men's associations, from the temporary club formed in an abandoned car on a siding to the magnificent buildings in the cities—is a great force for the solution of all disputes. May the railroad men be the first to show to the rest of trades the efficiency in labor disputes of the "power of love!"



ONE CONSOLATION.

Murphy—"Sorra the day, Mrs. Mulligan! Poor Tim's blown up wid dynamite."

Mrs. Mulligan—"Hivin be praised. It will cost nothin' for his funeral."

A LITTLE boy who had been used to receiving his elder brother's old toys and clothes recently asked: "Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

THE DEATH-MASK OF NAPOLEON.

MR. JAMES M. HART of New York, the well-known artist, has in his possession one of the few bronze casts of the death-mask of Napoleon, which was for a long time in the keeping of an old family in New Orleans. The history of this particular cast is not known, but anent the original death-mask there are several accounts. It was made by Dr. Antonmarchi, the young surgeon sent out to Saint Helena in 1819. This young man was a great favorite with Bonaparte, attended him throughout his last illness, and conducted the post-mortem after his decease.

In Bourrienne's *Memoir* we find a description, by the English translator, of the taking of this mask and the autopsy. After Napoleon had been dead about six hours Dr. Antonmarchi "had the body carefully washed and laid out on another bed. . . . On the next day, after taking a plaster cast of the face of Napoleon he pro-



FULL-FACE CAST.

ceeded to open the body, in the presence of Sir Thomas Reade, some staff officers, and eight medical men. . . . After Napoleon's death, his face was pale, but without alteration, or anything of a cadaverous appearance. His physiognomy was fine, the eyes fast closed, and one would have said that the Emperor was not dead, but in a profound sleep. His mouth retained its expression of sweetness, though one side was contracted into a bitter smile."

This description answers well for the death-mask, which bears out the artist David's declaration, that



PROFILE CAST.

Napoleon had a "beautiful antique head, the upper part of which reminded one of Caesar's, the lower that of Brutus!"

The mask was taken to Europe, and a few casts were made therefrom, a full-face and profile of one of them being herewith presented.

This likeness of the great Napoleon must be accepted as authentic—of Napoleon at the age of fifty-two—which, however, resembles portraits of him taken in the full vigor of early manhood.

As a fragmentary contribution to the Napoleonic literature of the day this may have its value, and is offered without comment.

JULY 18, 1895.]

5

AS IT LISTETH.

THE hill-winds danced with the golden leaves,
The long hills laughed in the golden weather;
Golden gray stood the upland sheaves,
What time we walked through the land together.

Low were the hill-winds, low and light,
Lighter your foot on the rustling heather,
As the day leans down to his love, the night,
So you leaned to me in the golden weather.

The low hill-winds, and the mist and the sun,
Magic they wrought in the golden weather,
From its gossamer a dream was spun—
Dream that for aye we should walk together.

Ah, well-a-day! The hill-winds change,
Oh beetling blasts of the cold gray weather!
A vagrant heart with the winds doth range,
Alack! for the dream of the hill and heather!

—MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

FIRST LOVES OF JOSEPHINE:

FATHER, MOTHER, AND ISLAND HOME.

BY FREDERICK A. OBER.

(Copyrighted by the Author.)

VI.

LA BELLE CREOLE.

NATURE, rich and sumptuous, has covered our fields with a carpeting which charms as well by the variety of its colors as its objects. She has strown the banks of our rivers with flowers, and has planted the freshest forest around our fertile borders. . . . I love to hide myself in the green woods that skirt our dwelling-place."

Thus wrote Josephine to a friend of her youth. She was unspoiled by society, untouched by the vanities of the world. She was a child of Nature: everything around her, sentient or inanimate, contributed to her enjoyment. . . . If we were to look ahead of our narrative some twenty years, and transfer our view to Malmaison, that retreat in France to which she hastened at every opportunity when she could escape the cares of the Court, and where she finally passed her closing days, we should find ample evidence that the love for Nature was yet strong within her. When she went to France, either on her first or second voyage, she took with her such specimens of the plants around La Pagerie as were endeared to her by the perfumes of their flowers, or to which she was attached from sentimental associations. "The gardens of Malmaison, during her lifetime, resembled a veritable Eden. It was her daily habit to visit her exotic plants, to watch over and water them; and these she called her 'great family', displaying the most intimate knowledge of their life history and names, and sometimes playfully rallying the Emperor (Napoleon) upon his ignorance of botany."* From every source she received presents of rare plants; but that which was particularly endeared to her was one she herself had carried to France—the *amaryllis gigantea*, and which attracted great attention, from the beauty and fragrance of its flowers. This royal plant grew in profusion around La Pagerie; and a thousand others adorned the slopes of the hills and bordered the stream flowing past the *sucrerie*.

After hereventful life at Fort Royal, with now and then a dip into the placid waters of the society gathered at the capital, her residence at the plantation might have seemed monotonous; but there is no evidence of this in the imperfect records of this period of her youth. Hers was a healthy and exceptionally happy nature, with no craving for what was hidden from her view, and no yearning after the presumably unattainable. It is in seclusion such as that in which her youth was passed that the greatest men and women have been nurtured. Nature is a generous mother to those who will but cast themselves upon her bosom and imbibe from her primeval founts. She yields to them from her secret stores of strength, accumulated during eons of time, such sustenance as remains by them in after life, constituting those reservoirs of reserve force which have astonished their contemporaries. Without the distractions of the city, with no dissipating demands from society, Nature's children devote their time to adding to their knowledge of the things immediately about them, to widening their powers of observation—in short, to becoming acquainted with the great and primal facts, the eternal verities, which give them bases for future deductions. All knowledge is cumulative; during long centuries Nature had been writing her book for this child to read. During generations past and preceding her ancestors had gathered to themselves the best about them, and had transmitted to her the increment. In her, first, their rich and generous lives found expression: Josephine was their Amaranth. It was this strong hold on Nature, this stability derived from a virile ancestry, that enabled Josephine to withstand the assaults of innumerable foes during the period of the Revolution, the Directory and the Imperial régime.

At fifteen years of age Josephine had more than fulfilled the expectations of those who had watched the budding charms of her infancy and childhood. The bud had opened into bloom of rarest beauty; the heart of the rose was not more sweet and fragrant than her fresh loveliness. Like the flowers around her, she bloomed for the delectation of those who might behold her beauty. Like them, also, she was unconscious of her loveliness, which displayed itself in her grace of manner as well as in purely physical symmetry. The slaves were all devoted to her, and vied with one another in her praise. "Toujours contente, toujours joyeuse," she flitted in and out their humble cabins, an angel of mercy to the old and decrepit, a joyous spirit to the young as well.

The fame of "La Belle Creole" was not confined to the island-bounds, but extended across the seas to France, where her aunt, Mme. de Renaudine, resided, and who insisted that her niece should join her there. There is no evidence to show that Josephine was desirous, at first, of going to France, but much to indicate her great unwillingness. Her mother, having in mind her future, and knowing only too well the terrible cares and responsibilities of plantation life, was most favorably impressed with the invitation from the aunt, and

* "On doit à Josephine la Naturalisation en France du camelia." —Michaud. (Biog. Univer.)

ONCE A WEEK.

soon undertook to prepare her daughter for the inevitable voyage.

Mme. de Renaudine was very wealthy, and desired to leave at least a portion of her property to one of her nieces. She was also desirous of marrying one of them to the son of her dear friend, the Marquis de Beauharnais. The records of the parish church of Saint Louis, at Fort Royal, show that there was baptized there, in June, 1760, an infant born the month preceding, upon whom was bestowed the name of Alexandre de Beauharnais. Josephine's aunt, Mme. Renaudine, was this infant's godmother,* and later, in France, became the wife of the Marquis de Beauharnais, the child's father. The Marquis de Beauharnais, then acting as Governor of Martinique, left for France the following year, but his son was committed to the charge of Josephine's grandmother, Mme. de la Pagerie, living at Fort Royal. Mme. la Pagerie, writing to her daughter in 1765, May 29, says: "My love to M. and Mme. de Beauharnais. Tell them that the little chevalier (Alexandre) is very well, and a very pretty child." He soon after was sent to join his parents.

This, then, is the extent of the acquaintanceship of these young Creoles, who were later to be joined in the bonds of matrimony, and whose lives were to be shared in the intimacy of sorrow. We will not anticipate the sorrowful days, for they came all too soon; but turn again to the happy ones, passed at La Pagerie.

Josephine resisted the entreaties of her aunt and the disinterested advice of her mother for nearly a year, content to dwell with her parents, even though thus isolated from the world of society and action. Her life was simple and regulated according to the Creole itinerary: in the morning the cool bath in the stream; the forenoon devoted to the little duties of the household; noon to breakfast, followed by the siesta; late afternoon to interchange of visits with the dwellers on neighboring estates, and evening to dinner and social recreation, such as music, reading, and especially dancing, of which Josephine was inordinately fond.

Although La Pagerie was almost as secluded as the "Happy Valley" in which dwelt that unhappy Prince of Abyssinia, yet, unlike Rasselas, she did not sigh for the

shielded her eyes with one hand, as he flew so swiftly at her; but he poised himself a foot away, a-wing in mid-air, still uttering his angry chirps of indignation protest. His buzzing wings formed a halo of mist about the emerald body, and his pointed helmet gleamed like a gem.

"He must have a nest near," said the maid: "yes, there it is, right over your face. Look, and there's his little wife sitting. I dare say, on their eggs." She reached up and drew down a length of liane, at which the female darted away, revealing, inside a dainty cup of lichen-covered down, two eggs as small and white as pearls.

"Pauv' petit," exclaimed Josephine, as she rose to look at them. "Don't touch them, Fifine, don't harm the little darlings. Come, we'll go away; our presence here disturbs these pretty creatures."

The little husband with the gilded crest had perched himself in a loop of a liane, where he sat watching; but as Josephine and her companion turned toward the boulder upon which they had thrown their robes, he darted before them swift as light. His excited manner, his eccentric movements and his alarm cries attracted their attention. Something more than their mere presence had caused this sudden change in his behavior. Suddenly he darted downward, rose, dropped again; his cries were now mingled with another sound—the dreaded hiss of the serpent.

"Look, Yeyette—there, close to my robe! Don't you see? Ah, Mon Dieu, it is the *Fer-de-Lance*!"

Stunned, stupefied, Josephine saw that terrible apparition; saw its broad, flat head, its darting tongue of flame, its slimy folds; and, overcome with the horror of its presence, fainted in her servant's arms.

The maid retreated to the deeper water of the pool, supporting her precious burden with difficulty, her own limbs benumbed and chilled. "Help! help! Come quickly! To the bathing-place. The serpent is here! Yeyette has fainted!"

She sent her cries out into the morning air; but at first there was no response. The negroes were away in the fields, and M. Tascher had gone to Trois-Ilets.

Meanwhile the gallant humming-bird persisted in his attacks upon the common foe. Swift as lightning, he returned again and again to the attack, blinding the serpent with the repeated thrusts, like javelins thrown into his eyes, and eluding his angry fangs by the dexterity of his movements. The humming-bird's attempts at diversion only partially succeeded, however; never for a moment did the serpent lose sight of his prospective prey in the water. Slowly, yet surely, he glided toward the half-fainting Fifine and her unconscious charge.

"Holy Mother! and the *Fer-de-Lance* can swim. He will surely reach us, then—" But there was no retreat; the great rocks hemmed her in; the serpent was within a dozen feet of her. In sheer despair Fifine sent one last cry for help, which a mocking echo caught and returned to her, like a wraith of a lost soul.

But hark! Was that not an answer? "Where are you? Who is it? What?"

"Here—at the bathing-place. Oh, come at once! We are lost! The serpent—"

It was already entering the water; slowly each sinuous fold melted into the pool, as if, sure of its victims, the *Fer-de-Lance* wished to prolong the enjoyment of her agony.

There was a sound of approaching footsteps, a crashing of the bushes on the brink; a young man's face appeared. In one swift glance, its owner took in the situation. There was a loud report; the surface of the pool was torn into foam by plunging shot; the serpent lay stretched upon the water, mangled and bleeding.

Quickly snatching one of the robes from the rock, the rescuer plunged into the pool, enwrapping the form of Josephine as the maid's nerveless arms relaxed their hold, and bore her to the bank. He was about stooping over her to chafe her hands when, turning to look back, he saw Fifine in greater peril. She had fainted at the moment of rescue; the body of the serpent had drifted against her breast—a repulsive object, that slimy, checkered skin, against a form as beautiful as Diana's own, though golden-bronze in hue. It was the work of a moment only to draw her from the water, and once on the bank, her robust constitution asserted itself. Her eyelids quivered, a tremulous sigh escaped her lips. At the first sign of returning consciousness the rescuer desisted from his labors to hasten the recovery of her mistress, and, though reluctantly, withdrew.

Fifine caught a glimpse of his retreating form as she opened her eyes, but as soon as she was on her feet he had disappeared. Forgetting, in the excitement of that moment, all else than that Yeyette was in need of her assistance, she bent all her energies to bring her back to life. She was soon rewarded. Josephine opened her eyes and looked wonderingly about her. Placing a finger warningly on her lips, Fifine cautioned her to keep silent, standing between her and the pool, where the serpent still floated, that she might have no reminder of the dreadful incident. They had barely recovered their composure before Mme. Tascher came flying toward them, having been sent thither by their unknown rescuer.

(Continued next week.)

* This tradition of the serpent is from narration of a descendant of the La Pagerie slaves.

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THE SERPENT AT THE BATHING POOL.



BY MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

II.

BERTRAM was rocking himself to and fro on a little creaking chair that threatened every minute to give way beneath the strain. Coats and waistcoats lay about at random, and the heavy boots which had just been kicked off betrayed, by their distance from their owner, the force with which they had been sent flying. The curate's usually sleek brown hair stood on end fierce and rumpled; his hands clasped his knees, and he rocked and groaned in unison.

"Oh, you fool—you fool! You incarnate idiot! You double-distilled idiot, Jack Bertram! To go and let yourself in for this! How are you going to get out of it? You're not going to get out of it at all. . . . You have just *done* for yourself, intolerable jackass that you are!" . . . Another groan and rock. "After all the wear and tear of it, to end in this! And you knew what it must come to—you knew it all along! . . . Oh, hold your tongue now, and eat your pie, and be hanged to you! . . . It's the end, I tell you—the end. The game's up. You've played it well—too well by long chalk. Every week has let you deeper and deeper into the mire, and now—the deluge!"

"Heigho!" With a long sigh the speaker rose at last and walked to the mirror on the wall. "He said I had the face for it—and, by Jove! he was right! Never more so than to-night! Lady Margaret will press on me an extra glass of wine, and implore me to wrap my throat up from the night air. Mary Whitmore will descend to suggest that I should take the warm side of the table at dinner—and Margaret? Margaret will be really anxious, and give me one of her troubled looks. Poor darling! She doesn't like it any more than I do, now. It was only a joke at the first. Good heavens! why did we let it get into such deadly earnest? Lady Margaret will never forgive us—never! And if we had only not behaved like two romantic lunatics, we might now have been as happy as Frank Satterthwayte and his Mary. I can pitch into Frank, anyway," he wound up, with gloomy vengeance in his heart.

The gloom, however, did not interfere with Mr. Bertram's being turned out faultlessly when, his toilet complete, he betook himself to the house where, according to his own sensations, the bomb was to burst.

He knew his old chum Satterthwayte, knew that it was beyond the power of mortals to divine what that honest sailor would or would not do at any given moment, more especially beneath the spur of unwanted exhilaration and joyous excitement. A thousand to one in the first flush of reunion with his betrothed he had laid bare without a thought of harm the scheme concocted by the two in a giddy moment, and adhered to by Bertram at first on account of its plausibility and simplicity; afterward, because he had no choice.

If Satterthwayte had told? He felt that he should know the moment the drawing-room door opened, whether Satterthwayte had told or not.

The room seemed to spin round, and—

"Oh, Mr. Bertram, I wish I had sent the carriage for you," exclaimed Lady Margaret's voice, in its most gracious accents. "I am so sorry. It could so easily have called for you when Captain Satterthwayte was fetched from the station. And you look so tired to-night." He was pale and shaking, bewildered, too, by a sense of reprieve, and a desperate anxiety to turn it to account. "You must have the carriage to take you home," concluded Lady Margaret, in her kindest manner.

She thought that his lips murmured gratitude. He himself did not know what they said.

When Captain Satterthwayte came down, big, bronzed and bearded, making the furniture rattle as he burst in, and betraying no less his surprise than his satisfaction at the sight of the guest whom Lady Margaret had risen to present, Bertram's face was a sight to see. Happily in real life such a face does not attract the attention it ought to do, and aware of this, the young man was possibly even afraid that it might not be significant enough. He clutched the other's hand, and wrung it in an agony.

Then he saw that all was so far safe, as the sailor, tenderly withdrawing his wounded member, eyed it and him alternately. The look said: "I understand. But you need not have broken my wrist, all the same."

"I did not know you two were acquainted," said Lady Margaret, taking the young clergyman's arm, and letting him lead her—as by virtue of his cloth she loved to do—to the head of her table. "We have never heard you mention Captain Satterthwayte. But then, of course," answering herself, "we may never have mentioned Captain Satterthwayte to you." Then she let the subject drop; it was not one likely to interest Mr. Bertram.

She congratulated herself, however, on the coincidence. It was quite a lucky hit her having made the addition to their party, especially when it proved that the young men had not only been schoolfellows, but had kept up a close friendship—as close a friendship as circumstances permitted—ever since; Bertram had stayed at Sir Philip Satterthwayte's—and apparently Sir Philip had a warm regard for his son's friend. There were hints about the family living which Lady Margaret could hardly comprehend.

The hints, it is true, were all on one side. Captain Satterthwayte was bubbling over with them, and with arch significance. But it did seem odd that if there were anything of that kind in prospect, so much as mention the name of Satterthwayte. She must talk the matter over with Mary, and find out if Mary could throw any light upon it.

Mary was sitting upright as usual, immaculate in dress and demeanor as usual, but there was a soft light

in her blue eye, and a smile upon her lips which was not often there. Lady Margaret was herself conscious of an expansion of the heart beneath the jolly uproar which had made itself felt wherever Frank Satterthwayte was to be found. It would have been natural that Margaret also should have shared the general animation, but Margaret, strange to say, was out of spirits and paler than her wont. Margaret's mother could only suppose that her darling, like poor, dear Mr. Bertram, was feeling tired; possibly a little overdone with too long a ride in the afternoon; and as she looked from one to the other, the robust dowager wondered what young people could be made of nowadays? Still the dinner passed off cheerily, and in due time came to a close. The ladies rustled away, the door was shut behind them, and Bertram, with a new expression turned and faced his friend.

"Good heavens, Frank, it has been a close thing! Why didn't you let me know you were coming? I have been expecting you for weeks; and then to be taken by surprise at the last!"

"Very jolly surprise," said the sailor, coolly. "Nice to meet old friends on the first day of one's return. Well, and how goes it?" dropping significance and smiling frankly. "How has it turned out? You seem quite at home here, and all that. And my respected mother-in-law-to-be beams upon you through her eyeglasses as I hoped and expected she would. Well, and Margaret? Am I to congratulate you and Margaret? You didn't look quite the engaged couple to-night, to be sure—I might say that one wore a more hang-dog expression than the other—but that's a detail. Come, out with it! Is it all right?"

"All right?" echoed Bertram, bitterly. "Frank, if you had known what you were doing, or if I had known what I was doing, when you planned and I agreed to carry out this devilish plot—"

"Devilish! Oh, come, Bertram!"

"I say it is devilish. It was of the devil's own making. He employed you to tempt me; and me again to tempt Margaret. We should never have thought of such a thing for ourselves. And you, Frank—you, who are as open as the day, to suggest that I should play the hypocrite—"

"All's fair in love and war, you know," said Frank, a trifle uneasily. "I—upon my word, I thought I was doing you a good turn. It seemed to me there was no chance for you, unless you crept up Lady Margaret's sleeve, and we all know her ladyship's proclivities. She afores Parsons—but they must be Parsons of a certain cut; at any rate, while they are on their promotion. As had decided on becoming a parson before ever you met Margaret Whitmore, I saw no harm in your suiting yourself to the taste of Margaret's mother in the cut of your jib, and all that goes with it. Then we agreed that it would be best to begin the acquaintanceship on that level, and not refer to a certain jolly Oxford week, and a subsequent meeting at Henley, when Margaret was under other chaperonage. Her mother never cares to hear about that summer, as it is. She thought Miss Meg got out her horns too far, and had too good a time altogether. Even Mary—my beautiful Mary—shakes her elder-sisterly head over the want of starch in poor little Maggie's nature. They would have been horrified had they known *all* that went on, eh, Bertram? That moonlight night on the river—and the couple that were left behind on the island—eh? We won't talk about it. Why, what's the matter? You're not going to funk now, are you—now, when we've brought it all so nearly to a conclusion—a glorious conclusion? You've played your part—"

"And taught her hers," said Bertram, suddenly rising and flinging himself into a fresh attitude like a man stung beyond endurance. "Do you know, Frank—it's almost incredible—but I swear to you that until I saw you here to-night, or even until I heard you speak just now, the whole black hypocrisy of this detestable proceeding never once showed itself before my eyes. Margaret and I fell in love with each other as a boy and girl will do in the course of a few days—almost within a few hours. One long summer evening, and the thing was done—"

"Very natural, I'm sure. Did it myself at your age?"

The bearded sailor nodded approval.

"Oh! but hear me out, and don't jest," quoth poor Bertram, writhing in the pangs of a tardy awakening. "You are older than I, and know the world. It was your little chap at school, and you were good to me. And I would have licked the blacking off your shoes—you know I would. You've always meant to be my friend, Frank; and you meant it for the best when you cautioned me that if once a whisper of that happy time reached the ears of Margaret's mother it would never be anything but a memory—a wretched, sorrowful memory—for us both."

"True bill," said Captain Satterthwayte, complacently; "I did."

"And you suggested that we should both drop all appearance of ever having met before when I came here to learn parish work as Mr. Fairclough's curate. That I should be introduced as a perfect stranger to Lady Margaret and her daughters, and make my way with them until—oh, Frank, why did you do it?—why—why did you do it?" On a sudden a groan that was almost a sob burst from the young man's lips, his head fell down upon his hands, and the tremor which shook his slender frame betrayed the strength of the emotions within.

The cigar fell from between Frank Satterthwayte's fingers.

"Why did you do it?" repeated Bertram, in a fierce undertone. "You might have seen, you might have guessed what it would lead to. It has been a lie from beginning to end. We have never met—she and I—never interchanged a word or look, never touched each other's hand in the presence of a third person, without acting a falsehood. And the worst of it is that I do not believe either of us has realized this! I doubt if we have not even looked upon it as legitimate and romantic. It has been a pleasant pastime. Sometimes I have felt as if the edge of the precipice were perhaps rather too thin, but the very danger was exhilarating—while as for Margaret, the poor, guileless child, she thinks it must be right because *I* approve! God forgive me! Her crime lies at my door as well as my own."

"Come, come, this—is this all nonsense, you know,

Bertram?" Captain Satterthwayte pulled himself together and shook off an uncomfortable sensation. "You are growing the least little bit absurd, don't you think? Call a trifle like this a 'crime'? Oh, come, you know," laying a remonstrating hand on the other's shoulder. "I expect my sudden appearance on the scene gave you a bit of a shake; and you thought that perhaps I, in the exuberance of this merry meeting, might have blurted out the truth to Margaret's sister."

"Would to Heaven you had!"

"Would to Heaven you had?" Satterthwayte stared. "And pray, why?"

"Because it would have saved me from doing so," said Bertram, slowly, "to Margaret's mother."

"Humph! That's it, is it? I suppose you know," looking at him keenly, "what the upshot of such a move would be?"

"I know. Yes, I have been knowing for the last hour, I am going now," with a move toward the door, "to do it."

For a moment it seemed as if he were to be allowed to do it. Then, with a hasty step, Satterthwayte was between him and the door-handle.

"Look here, Jack. I don't want you to ruin yourself, and lay the blame on my shoulders! As you listened to me once—perhaps, to your cost—you are bound to listen again."

"I am not bound."

"You are, and don't be a fool." He was pushed gently backward toward the fireplace. "This is a bad business, I allow. I didn't think the thing out, when I let you in for it. But it's done, and can't be undone. You have Margaret to consider as well as yourself. The poor girl is head and ears in love, as any one can see—any one, at least, with half an eye—a thing which, begging her pardon, Margaret's lady mother does not possess; but I hold the key which will unlock her ladyship's heart. It was to put this into your hands," with slow, deliberate emphasis, "that I came down upon you so sharp to-night. I would not wait to write. And, besides, I wanted to be in at the death. Do you take me?"

"No," said poor Bertram, bewildered. "But, for God's sake, Frank, don't propose any more—"

"I am not going to propose anything. It is you who are going to propose;" the jolly sailor laughed with keen enjoyment of his own quip. "You shall make two proposals before this evening is over, my dear fellow. You shall go to Lady Margaret as vicar-designate of Satterthwayte—ay, you may jump, but the old boy has given his word that he will retire in six months, and my father has given his word that you shall have the living. Eh! D'ye hear that? It's true, and you may believe it; so that long physiognomy of yours may shorten again. The living of Satterthwayte is good enough for any one to marry upon, and though our good hostess may be taken aback for a moment, I shall be astonished if between us we cannot work upon her to consent to your speaking to Meg this very night. Think of it, Bertram! By George, you shall go home an engaged man! And though it would be too much to expect that we should have both weddings on the same day, still, by the spring, when you are installed parish priest among the old folks at home, and take possession of your pretty vicarage, it could be made ready for a bride; and I might leave my wife with her sister if I have to be off to sea again. At any rate, I fancy it would weigh something with my future mother-in-law that in years to come her girls would no more be separated than in years past. The vicarage is actually within the park palings, you know—"

"Stop," said Bertram, hoarsely. As the other spoke he had been looking from side to side with the air of a hunted animal round whom the toils were gathering fast, and twice had opened his mouth to speak, and twice had closed it again. Both hands were fast clenched. "Stop—tempter." Then with instant compunction: "No, no, Frank, I did not mean it. Forgive the word. But, Frank, you who are an honest fellow, do you know what you are doing? You have drawn a picture"—his eyes gleamed; "it would be simply *everything* to me," he murmured. "I love you and yours. I love that part of the country. I hope and trust I could do my duty among you all, and yet be myself—my own true self as you have known me in years gone by. And with Margaret for my wife—"

"You would be as happy as the day is long. All right. I thought you'd see it so. Well, now, you can't reproach me any more—"

"I said 'Stop,'" said Bertram in a low voice. "Have you thought of the price which has to be paid for it all?"

"The—price?"

"I am to go to Margaret's mother with a lie in my hand. I, a Christian gentleman—a man who has taken upon himself to live a higher life even than that of ordinary Christians! I am to—"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-o! Cut it, Jack! Don't let us in for any more of that highfalutin rot. You are simply to go on as you are doing. To be as you have been for the past four or five months. Some day or other, when all is squared up between you two, Margaret may confess—"

"Margaret? Poor child! You think I would be a coward, too, Frank?"

"Confess yourself, then, if you like the job. Only take your own time and place. When the engagement is given out and everybody has heard of it, you will have Lady Margaret at your mercy. She wouldn't dare back out. And though you might, and probably would, both have a *mauvais quart d'heure*, you could look on that as the proper penance for your iniquity, if you're so keen on penance. I should wait till Mary was out of the way," added the speaker, after a pause. "It would be easier for Margaret. And if you like to depose me to break it to my girl, I think I could manage her," he concluded, with the confidence of a happy lover.

There was a long silence. Each knew that the crucial moment had arrived. "If he is obstinate now," quoth Frank Satterthwayte to himself, "Heaven have mercy on us both!" He would not try another syllable of argument; he felt he had said all he could say. And now?

Bertram's features, drawn and stiffened, repelled alike sympathy and counsel. It was plain that the fight within must be fought out by himself alone.

Only a few minutes by the clock ticking on the mantelpiece, yet to each the interval seemed an age, ere by a sudden electrical shock the eyes of both flashed into each other, and something very like an oath escaped from the lips of one. Bertram simply nodded his head and walked from the room.

Captain Satterthwayte lit another cigar. "I shall hear him go out of the front door presently," muttered he.

How it all ended has long been a matter of history. No one beyond the initiated few ever heard the tale of that strange evening at Garfords—that evening which brought to light such surprises for all; which began with such suffering and humiliation, such storm and stress, and ended in such a heaven of peace and joy.

Bertram himself felt as if another Power than his own were at work on his behalf; as if the victory which he had gained in that dumb struggle with his baser self had expiated after some fashion of its own all that had gone before, and rendered him strong to brave the downfall of his hopes, as well as the scorn and reproaches which he too well knew would deservedly fall to his share.

He went into Lady Margaret's presence prepared for this—prepared for everything. In his heart there was but one thought, to confess his fault without an iota of reservation, and to take upon his own head the blame of it in every respect. He would not mention Frank Satterthwayte's name, and he would plead for Margaret; a stab went through his heart when he guessed how it would be when he began to plead for Margaret. He would be desired not to mention the name of Lady Margaret Whitmore's daughter. He would be accused, and rightly, of perverting her conscience and her judgment. He would have his holy profession thrown in his teeth—rightly also. He would be bidden to leave the house, and have it hinted that he would do well to withdraw from the neighborhood also.

Would Lady Margaret insist upon Mr. Fairclough's being informed of his curate's disgraceful conduct? He felt that he would have to obey any demands and comply with any terms dictated. It all passed through Bertram's mind like a flash of revelation as he walked across the short space between the doors of the two rooms. But he never wavered. One moment he stood still, his hand upon the door-handle. One quick sigh escaped as a burst of sweet music from within assailed his ears; and one upward glance implored pity and aid for a poor soul in its extremity, and then—

"Lady Margaret," said Bertram, walking up to a distant armchair, "would you be good enough to grant me a few minutes' private conversation? May we retire into the back drawing-room?"

Looking back, he beheld the scene with dazed and incredulous eyes. Lady Margaret's start of surprise; next her gracious signification of assent; then her frozen muteness of amazement; finally—what took place finally he could scarce, even in the retrospect, behold at all. Could it have been his own voice which so steadily proclaimed his own baseness? Could it have been he himself who so unflinchingly painted its darkest colors, and called upon his auditor to note how black they were? He had hidden nothing, extenuated nothing, and through it all a rigid, upright figure sat and listened as though petrified. When the end came he waited in vain for the pent-up outburst which must follow.

Then he realized that Lady Margaret was a woman of a finer nature than he had given her credit for being. She would not stoop to add her reproaches to his own. It was sufficient that he had abased himself; she would not heap added humiliation upon his head. He perceived that he was to be allowed to depart without further torture.

And he had turned to do so, and even advanced a pace toward retreat, when a thin hand was put out with a motion of arrest, and a faint, quavering voice—curiously unlike Lady Margaret's voice—pronounced his name. Looking round he saw, not the stately lady of the manor, the awe-inspiring mistress of Garfords, but an old, old woman, with tears running down her cheeks.

"Stay a moment, sir, until—until I am able to speak." Then the jeweled hand beckoned him to approach; and with faltering steps he obeyed. Lady Margaret was seeking for her handkerchief, seeking hither and thither in vain. Bertram, with the gesture of a son, drew an unfolded one from his pocket and reverently tendered it. As he did so she caught him fast, as though afraid he would again essay to depart ere she could compose her broken breath and subdue the quivering muscles of her face. He wondered what was coming—what could be coming?

And at length—marvel of marvels—a whisper the most extraordinary, the most incredible, fell upon his ear. Was it Lady Margaret speaking? Or was it a Diviner Voice which breathed through her lips the words just faintly audible: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, how shall My Father forgive you?"

Not from that moment, nor to the very end of her days, was the subject ever again alluded to by Bertram's mother-in-law. Where Lady Margaret forgave, she forgave freely; when she trusted, she trusted implicitly. Bertram's voluntary confession, supplemented as it was by Captain Satterthwayte's account of his own share in the affair—an account which, in justice it should be said, was rendered with strict truthfulness, Frank having been more impressed than he cared to own by the example of his friend—all so wrought upon a nature nobler than the world had ever guessed it to be, and upon a spirit genuinely influenced by the great doctrines of Christianity, that in her anxiety to restore the penitent to himself, to mark her appreciation of the true worth of his character, and to show that its solitary lapse from integrity was to be no bar to her renewed and even deepened esteem, Lady Margaret evinced an overflowing tenderness of generosity which amazed all who knew her.

Bertram became her favorite son-in-law, albeit she soon discovered him to be by nature the merriest, lightest-hearted fellow alive. She secretly comforted herself for this by the reflection that, in spite of all, he still did undeniably possess a clerical exterior.

ONCE A WEEK.

STORIES ABOUT PUBLIC MEN.

THE Washington Post has nominated James B. Eustis of Louisiana to be the Democratic candidate for President of the United States. If merit alone counted in the contest, Mr. Eustis would have undoubtedly a good chance of receiving the nomination; but the question of locality is so important that there is no likelihood of a Louisiana man receiving the nomination for a good many years to come. Mr. Eustis is a man of eminent ability, a fact which was better known to his colleagues than it was to the country at the time Mr. Eustis was in the Senate. For the Louisiana Senator was unfortunately a very lazy man and the routine of official life bored him dreadfully. He made no effort to gain conspicuously, and no member of the Senate of equal ability was so little known to the public.

The laziness of Mr. Eustis led him to shirk the unpleasant duty of going to the President with applications for office during the first term of Mr. Cleveland. There was mixed joy among the Democrats in Congress when a Democratic President was elected. There is always more fun in being outside the political fence with the privilege of throwing things at the man inside. Mr. Eustis had enjoyed a comparatively peaceful existence in Washington until the inauguration of President Cleveland. Then he found himself overrun with applications for place from his people, and if he had attended to all of them, he would have spent one-half his time at the White House. To avoid this, he spread the report that he had quarreled with the President. Whenever any one wrote to him thereafter for an appointment in the Federal service, he calmly replied that he did not go to the White House and that therefore, until the breach between him and the President had been healed, he could not further any ambitions for office-holding. Having provided himself thus with an excuse for staying away from the Executive Mansion, Mr. Eustis continued to enjoy life in his own languid way. Mr. Eustis's "quarrel with the President" was one of the standing jokes of the Senate during the first Cleveland term. Just how serious the breach between the Louisiana Senator and the President was is shown by the fact that Mr. Eustis was made Minister to France under Mr. Cleveland's second administration.

Office-seeking has been always the severest trial of the President of the United States; and the members of the Senate and House share the evils of the system with him. The rush of office-seekers is greatest always just after the inauguration of a President; and it is one of the odd features of our governmental system that the party in power always reckons on a decreased vote in the election following the inauguration of a President, because of dissatisfaction with the distribution of the offices. A great deal of this dissatisfaction grows out of the disappointment of men who believe that offices have been promised to them. President Harrison said to a man, who repeated the remark to me: "I shall make no promise to appoint any man to office. There are men going about Washington to-day saying that Grant lied to them, and there are men who say that Hayes lied to them about offices. I shall promise no man an appointment. When I have determined to appoint him, I will do so." If Mr. Platt of New York is to be believed, however, Mr. Harrison did make promises which were not kept. And, in fact, I know personally of cases in which President Harrison gave assurances which were almost equivalent to promises and afterward changed his mind.

Some Presidents have made themselves unpopular by appointing their relatives to office. Grant was much abused on this account, and one of the bitterest attacks ever made on him—Charles Sumner's speech in the Senate—was based on the accusation that he had thirty-six relatives in the Federal service. This, of course, was an exaggeration. Mr. Harrison had no relatives in office except his brother, who was made Marshal for Tennessee. There was a relative of Mrs. Harrison, an Army Lieutenant named Parker, who was assigned to duty near the President and whose life was made very unpleasant during the Harrison administration. The favors shown to Lieutenant Parker were the only recognition of family claims during the Harrison term.

Mr. Cleveland appointed his wife's cousin, Ben Folsom, to a consulship at Sheffield, but that was the extent of his nepotism. Mr. Cleveland was opposed to the division of spoils in his own family and he refused to appoint some relatives to place during his first term. President Hayes had his son in the White House acting as his private secretary for a time, and President Tyler's son, who is living now in poverty in Georgetown, was private secretary to his father fifty years ago, though without a salary.

One of the most unhappy men in Washington a few years ago was the late Mr. Vance of North Carolina, then a Senator. A New York newspaper published a list of some fifteen or twenty people, said to be relatives of Mr. Vance, holding offices under the Government. I saw Mr. Vance the day this statement was published and asked him whether it was accurate. He broke out violently at the question, abusing the paper which had printed the story. What made him angriest was the fact that one of the people in the list was, as he described him, "a nigger."

Apropos of this, a story was told to me a short time ago by a man who once lived in Washington. Among his friends was a member of Congress from Virginia—call him Loudoun. This Congressman was sitting with my informant and another gentleman in a Washington restaurant one evening. In the course of conversation, he said: "I had an odd experience a few days ago. I was in my room at the hotel when a card was brought to me reading 'Robert J. Loudoun.' I knew no one of that name, but as the family name was my own I was naturally curious to meet the visitor, and I told the bell-boy to show him up. Presently there was a knock on the door; I said, 'Come in,' and in walked a mulatto. 'You are Robert J. Loudoun?' I said. 'Yes,' he replied, 'your half-brother.' I looked at him a minute before replying. There was no doubt in the truth of what he said. His face showed it plainly. 'Well?' said I. 'I have come to ask you to help me get an appointment in one of the Departments,' said he. 'What was I to do? The man certainly had a claim on me. So I did help him. And to-day the appointment was made out. Odd, was it not?'

Though Senator Vance exploded sometimes when he was angered, he was in the main a man of good temper and he had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote. As many good stories were told about him as by him. And he told many a good story on himself. One of his favorite yarns was about his early experience as a lawyer. He went into court in one of his first trials with very elaborate argument. He submitted a brief to the court and calmly awaited a judgment in favor of his client. When the case was closed the judge announced his decision. He began by quoting from the brief of Mr. Vance who was attorney for the plaintiff. Mr. Vance smiled. He quoted again. Mr. Vance looked around at his colleagues of the Bar to see whether they were fully conscious of the honor being paid him. The judge continued to quote until he had repeated almost the whole of Mr. Vance's argument for the plaintiff. Mr. Vance was ready to burst with pride. Then the judge said: "For the reasons here given the Court gives judgment for the defendant."

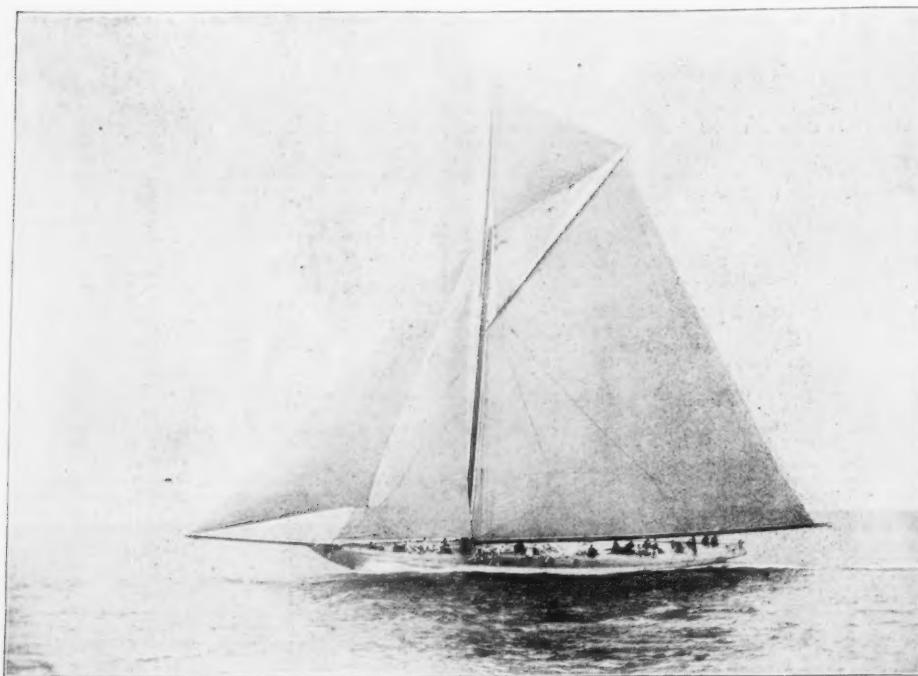
Mr. Vance was a backwoods campaigner; that is, he went through the State personally canvassing for votes for the Senatorship. Different men have different ways of winning the voter's good opinion. Mr. Call of Florida makes a big rent in his trousers, and when he stops overnight in the house of one of his constituents, he asks the good wife to mend them for him. This bit of diplomacy is said to be good for the votes of an entire family. The late Charles O'Neill of Pennsylvania, who served nearly thirty years in the House, insured his popularity with the people of his district by keeping up a personal acquaintance with them and by kissing their babies whenever he was canvassing for a re-election. Mr. Vance's bait was his ready wit. He used to tell the story of a time when he was traveling through North Carolina and met a group of workingmen. He stopped to harangue them a little, and one of them asked him of what religion he was. Mr. Vance knew that the answer involved some votes. So he threw out a feeler. His grandfather and grandmother, he said, were Presbyterians. No light appeared on the faces in the group. But, the Senator hastened to add, his father was a Methodist. Still no response. There was only one chance left. "But my mother was a Baptist," he said. The faces brightened up. The Senator went right on—"and she brought me up strictly in that faith." The Senator always counted ten votes gained by that bit of diplomacy.

Speaking of claims for office recalls an experience of Tom Corwin of Ohio. It is very easy to get a letter of recommendation from a United States Senator for an appointment to office—so easy that the heads of Departments at Washington pay very little attention to the ordinary letter of recommendation. They know that too frequently it is used as a means of getting rid of an importunate man. A constituent of Mr. Corwin received such a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, under whom he wished to obtain an appointment. He failed of his object. Not long afterward, the death of President Taylor changed the whole face of political affairs. Mr. Fillmore became President, and in July, 1850, he called Mr. Corwin to be Secretary of the Treasury. Shortly after his appointment, Mr. Corwin found among his callers the man whom he had recommended for office. In his hand was the letter which Mr. Corwin had addressed for him to Secretary Meredith. Mr. Corwin looked at it and then at the applicant. "Well?" he said. "I called to see you about that appointment, Mr. Corwin," said the applicant. "You did not get a place, then, under Mr. Meredith?" asked the Secretary. "No," said the applicant. "Well, if Mr. Meredith did not think that this letter entitled you to an appointment," said Mr. Corwin, "I am afraid that I cannot give you a place on the strength of the same recommendation. Good-morning."

When the late Dan McCauley was Appointment Clerk of the Treasury Department, he had a number of amusing experiences with office-seekers, some of whom were Democrats. Immediately after the election of November, 1892, Democratic applicants began to file their petitions for place. Nothing would convince them that the question of the spoils had not been determined immediately by the result of the contest between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison. One woman came day after day demanding an appointment. "There is no vacancy, madam," said General McCauley. "Then make one," said the woman. "I am very sorry, but I can't do that," said General McCauley. "Then, as I have no means of support, I will stay here till I starve," said the woman. "Can you be persuaded to starve somewhere else?" asked General McCauley. "I shall starve on this spot," said the woman, and she came back day after day for months, remaining "on this spot" from the opening to the closing of the office. She finally gave it up.

President Jackson was very susceptible to flattery. One time when he was overrun with applicants for office a man called on him and was greeted with, "What place do you want?" The caller assured the President that he wanted no place. He had called on quite another mission. His father, he said, was a great admirer of the President and had commissioned him to get one of the President's pipes to bring home as a souvenir of his visit to Washington. The President was pleased, and he told some one to go to his library and get a new pipe which lay on the mantel there. "Oh, no, Mr. President," said the visitor. "My father would appreciate so much more a pipe which you have smoked. Now if you could give me the one you have in your hand, just as it is, to take home to him, he would be the happiest man in the world." The President gave the pipe to the flatterer, who wrapped it carefully and took it away, with many expressions of thanks. A few days later the name of this man came before the President with a recommendation for appointment to office. The President appointed him.

A favorite anecdote about Andrew Jackson with the members of the United States Senate is the one about his indorsement of the note which had been signed by an official in one of the Departments. It is not a new story, but a United States Senator told it to me a few days ago as though he were putting it in circulation for the first time; so possibly it is not generally known. There were in Jackson's time, as at the present, officials and employees of the Departments who did not pay their bills. A man who becomes notorious as a dead-



THE AMERICAN YACHT "DEFENDER."

beat is very likely to lose his place in the Departments. It has even been the custom at times to make the Department chiefs indirectly agents for the collection of bills. At one time not so many years ago if a creditor presented a bill to the chief of a Department bureau, the chief notified the clerk who owed the bill that it must be paid within a certain time or he would lose his place. That is no longer the custom. It was not the custom in Jackson's time, and a poor widow who held a claim against one of the officials of a Department found herself unable to obtain justice in any way. Her debtor simply said that he could not pay. She needed the money very much. It occurred to her that if she could

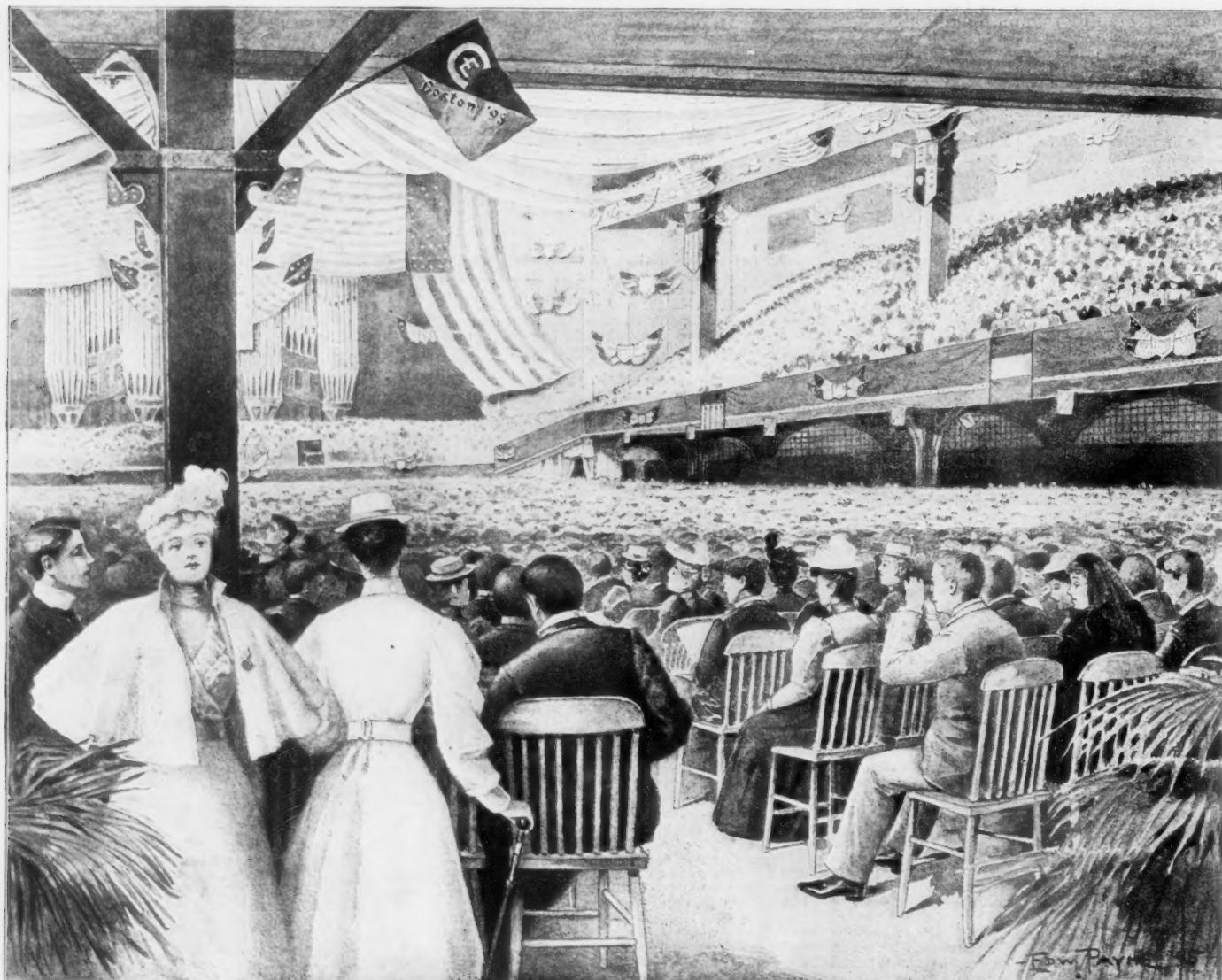
get the President's assistance she might accomplish something. So she went to the White House and there saw President Jackson. She stated the case plainly. "Ask the man to give you a note," said the President, "and then come to me again. Don't say that you have seen me." The woman went away. That afternoon she saw her debtor and asked him for a note. He gave it to her. She took it to the President the next day. Jackson looked at it, and then turning it over, wrote on the back "Andrew Jackson." "I think he will pay it," said President Jackson. When the Department official saw the name of his unexpected indorser he paid the note immediately. GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE "DEFENDER" AND HER SAILING
QUALITIES.

THE whole nation is delighted with the reports of the first exploits of the "Defender," the beautiful and graceful yacht built especially for the coming contest with "Valkyrie III." The exquisite lines, the amazing sailing qualities of this latest product of the genius of Herreshoff, seem to guarantee the continued possession of the America's Cup in this country. On July 7 the "Defender" was tried with the "Colonia" in a strong southwest breeze off Bristol, and was found superior at all points to her antagonist. She carried her immense sail well; left the "Colonia" far astern when beating to windward; and ran away from her before the wind in a way which elicited the greatest admiration. The "Defender" makes so little disturbance of the water that her high speed can be realized only by taking ranges from objects on the land. Her trim is perfect; her wake the smoothest ever seen. On July 11 a trial of speed was to be had between the "Defender" and the "Vigilant." It was postponed, but the "Defender" gave on that day an exhibition of her sailing qualities—on a course in Narragansett Bay, which quite confirmed all the previous good opinions of her exceptional merit.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS' CONVENTION
AT BOSTON.

THE great convention of the Christian Endeavorers, which began in Boston Wednesday evening, July 10, exceeded in numbers and enthusiasm any of the preceding meetings of this international organization. The society has grown more rapidly than any other ever known. Founded in Williston Church, Portland, Me., in February, 1881, it now has 41,229 societies and 2,473,740 members. Its branches in Canada, Great Britain, Australia, India, Madagascar and Japan are very numerous. *The Golden Rule*, the journal of the Endeavorers, is taken in every country where there are English-speaking members. But one officer in the United States draws any salary, and that is Secretary Baer. President Clark and Treasurer Shaw are paid out of the receipts of *The Golden Rule*. Not less than fifty thousand delegates were represented in the Boston convention, which held its first special session on July 11, in the vast hall of the Mechanics' Building, in two immense tents, and in twenty of the largest churches in the city simultaneously. The tents were pitched on the historic Boston Common. Meetings were held throughout the week, and on Monday, July 15, pilgrimages were made to Bunker Hill, the Washington Elm, the Old South Church, Faneuil Hall, and the grave of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. The number of delegates from foreign lands was great.



THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS' MASS MEETING IN MECHANICS' BUILDING, BOSTON.

KONRAD DREHER, THE GREATEST COMEDIAN OF GERMANY, IN SOME OF HIS CHARACTERS.



In all Germany the foremost character delineator and star of *Volks-Stücke*, or "National plays," is unquestionably Herr Konrad Dreher, who has just commenced an engagement in this country. He is certainly a genius. Like the late Sothern, Florence and others of that class, he has created his own characters. With a personality entirely in his favor—tall, symmetrical and of pleasing address, with an evenly balanced, melodious voice, and, above all, very fetching eyes—he is the great idol of Bavarians, and a favorite throughout Germany.

Dreher is a *Münchner Kindl, pur et simple*. He speaks the peculiar abbreviated Bavarian dialect, and exhibits

on all occasions the democratic spirit of his race. Although not yet thirty-five, he counts some of the foremost men among his friends. Bismarck often invites him to Friedrichsruhe, and he is a fast friend of Lenbach, and all the eminent artists in Munich, as well as the social guest of the Prince Regent Luitpold. Dreher has many hobbies, chiefly the one of leaving his little and very interesting Frau at home and hurrying to the Allotria Club—the sacred oracle of Art—presided over by the modern Titian, Professor Franz von Lenbach. In the bosom of this circle Dreher lets himself loose, as it were, firing off jokes in his inimitable style; under the influence of several *Krugs-Hofbräu*, each of which con-

tains over a quart, he waxes hilarious. When in this humor the actor usually begins the wholesale demolition of sausages, and it is said the article rises several points on the following day. Dreher endeavoring to dispatch a string of Frankfurters about a yard long, with his jaws working like piston-rods, and the steaming sauerkraut enveloping his figure in a sort of Bavarian halo has been immortalized by the painter Stuck, in the Club's album.

The series of fifteen illustrations of the actor in as many different parts will enable the reader to judge of his remarkable versatility, skill in make-up and mobility of countenance.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA STUDYING THE "JESUS BOOK."

A CORRESPONDENT at Pekin writes: "The Testament for the Empress-Dowager was sent to the Palace at Pekin on November 12. This 'Jesus Religion Book' was received, and was immediately sent in to her Majesty, who lost no time in examining its contents. The Emperor, too, when he heard of the arrival, was anxious to see the book, but on finding that her Majesty was too busy looking over it he got impatient, and immediately ordered the head eunuch to go out and purchase a copy, and to lose no time about it. Shortly after the presentation was made one of the eunuchs named Li, dressed in his official robes, made his appearance at the American book store and Bible depot. He carried with him a slip of paper, on which was written, in Chinese characters, 'One Old Testament, one New Testament.' The Chinese assistant at the store, who is very highly educated, was struck with the uncommon look of the char-

acters, and out of curiosity asked who had written them. The eunuch replied, 'The Emperor.' 'Oh, indeed,' said the assistant. 'To-day the women of the Christian religion presented a beautiful copy of the New Testament to the Empress-Dowager.' 'Yes,' replied the eunuch, 'the Emperor has already seen it, and now wishes to obtain copies of the books of the Jesus religion.' The books were got ready, taken possession of, and paid for, and the slip of paper was left behind. The assistant was very pleased to get this, so he placed it on one of the shelves. A short time after the eunuch returned very much excited, saying that he had left the slip of paper behind. It was reluctantly returned to him, when the eunuch said, 'It will never do for me to lose the Emperor's writing.' The servant then made the eunuch a present of a catechism and a copy of the Proverbs for his own use, which pleased the eunuch very much, and he promised to let all the other eunuchs in the Palace read them. Just after noon on the same

day the eunuch returned to the depot with the New Testament, many of the leaves of which were turned up. He said his Majesty the Emperor had looked through it, and that he had observed a number of errors in the printing. The assistant at once changed it, giving the eunuch a more correct copy. While this eunuch was talking about the book another eunuch hurried into the store and cried out, 'Get one with large characters; but as there were not whole copies of the New Testament in large characters he took the copy that had been selected. It has been ascertained that the eunuch did come directly from the Emperor, and it is now known that he found out the names of the 'Old Testament' and 'New Testament' from the introductory letter accompanying the Imperial present. Since then the Emperor, Empress-Dowager and other Royal personages have been busy reading the Holy Scriptures.'

TEN editors are members of the English Parliament.

PHRYNETTE IS DEAD.

You did not think that it could be,
You did not know
That she was only like you and me,
But you Pierrot?
You did not dream that she could die,
But she did—you know not why;
"The Bon Dieu only knows!" you cry,
My poor Pierrot.

She was so gay—so far above
This earth below,
She seemed one made for life and love,
You say—Pierrot,
Grief dared not rest upon her head,
But sunshine hovered there instead;
And now Phrynette—Phrynette is dead,
My poor Pierrot.

They came and carried her away
Sadly and slow,
And left you lonely here to stay,
Ah! poor Pierrot.
Her grave is newly made and bare,
And the sad moon is shining there;
Pierrot is dead—Does no one care?
My poor Pierrot.

—ALFRED STODDART.

A RUNAWAY WHEEL.

FRED, old man, you are indeed fortunate," I said, as I leaned back in the easy-chair before the grate fire in his cozy home.

"Yes, fortunate is the very word," he answered, musingly; "the events of an hour changed the course of my life. If that hour had been left out of the day I should not be the possessor of such a home, but would be back in the old bachelor quarters. They were not so bad, and there was only one woman for whom I would give them up. At that time she had refused me—was, in fact, engaged to another.

"I have never before spoken of this, but what I have gained has been well earned. I was favored by fortune in that hour, but it was seizing the opportunity that made me successful.

"A party of us had gone away on a wheeling trip. We were young, gay and joyous, and the weeks slipped by until it came time for us to think of returning.

"From being in love with Emily Brant I became madly infatuated with her. Though she treated me in the most distant manner, I still thought, with the conceit of youth, that she cared a little for me. I was helped out in this idea by little incidents and trivial circumstances which led me to hope she would accept me.

"I had a rival—a man who did not seem to consider my actions of any importance. I could not seem to make him jealous in the slightest degree. He had naturally a very self-composed manner, but this alone would not account for his bearing.

"I came to the conclusion that I must propose to Emily before we returned to the city, as I would have a much better opportunity of stating my case amid favorable surroundings than in the city with its bustle and interruptions.

"One afternoon we were riding through a beautiful valley and it so happened Emily and myself were quite a distance to the rear of the party. The road was smooth, the trees arched overhead, the sunlight streamed in gold shafts through them, falling alternately upon Emily as she rode her wheel so easily and gracefully, lighting her beauty with a soft glow. I could keep silence no longer, and riding close beside her, as we sped on together, I told her how much I loved her and asked her to be my wife.

"Then came the breaking of the dream I had had for so many weeks and months. In a few words I learned there was no hope for me, that though she admired and respected me she had never thought of me in any other way; that there was already an understanding between Mr. Fernow and herself and that their engagement was soon to be announced.

"At first I could hardly believe my ears. We rode the rest of the way in silence. For me the glory of the day had departed. It was as if a haze, like the melancholy haze of Indian summer, through which I should see all things for all time, had closed around me.

"If it had been possible, I should have left that night for the city, but circumstances compelled me to accompany the party on one last ride.

"I never saw a gayer set of people than we were when we started the next day. Some of them guyed me a little about my lack of gaiety, but I answered that I was to leave the next day and felt sad in consequence.

"We were to ride down one valley, then descend a mountain into another valley. I was the only one in the party who had been over the road, and it was so long ago I had partially forgotten it. When we began to descend the mountain I told them we had better walk, as the road was very steep. They took my advice for a time, and we had gone the greater part of the way when one of the party, in a spirit of frolic, mounted his wheel and dared the others to do likewise.

"Thinking we were almost at the foot of the mountain, we all followed his example. I was riding in the lead. Ernest Farnow was close beside me. Suddenly, on turning a bend, we came upon a pitch in the road so steep as to greatly alarm us.

"We had all been riding at good speed. This in itself would have mattered little had each one of us had our wheels under perfect control; but timidity, carelessness or fright might mean great danger.

"I saw Ernest Farnow turn white and jam his brake down hard, while he back-pedaled with all his might. Suddenly we were startled by a cry of fear—a cry for help: 'Ernest, save me!' The next instant Emily Brant sped by us; she had lost control of her wheel.

"Farnow paid no heed; he was too frightened himself; he turned his bicycle into the bank and jumped. Even at the speed with which she was going I knew she realized he had deserted her.

"Unless you have been similarly placed, you cannot understand the ghastly feeling of horror that comes over you as you know your wheel is beyond your control on a steep mountain. There is no way to stop but by turning into the bank and taking a headlong plunge, and the chances of injury or death, or to keep on, while the speed increases with each revolution of the wheels, and the chances of escape grow less.

"I realized if I started in pursuit my wheel would be in a moment more beyond my control; still my opportunity had come, and I did not hesitate. A moment



TO THE RESCUE.

more and I was close behind her. I had no idea up to this time what I should do, but as my wheel, owing to superior weight, closed up the gap between us my thoughts began to take form.

"The road, fortunately, was almost straight. I remembered that where it came upon the valley there was a wide, shallow river. It came down the mountain at right angles to this river, then turned to the left. There was a small open field between the road and the river. I knew that instinctively she would try to turn away from the river. In that case she would be hurled against a mass of rock through which the road had been cut.

"I must reach her before we came upon the river. For a time our speed was terrific. The rocks and trees seemed to be strangely blurred as they sped by. We could feel the air like a resisting wall through which we were plunging. Then we came up on a rise in the road, almost a hill, which reduced our speed somewhat, and I came nearer her.

"As I came close beside her wheel she turned her head as if she could not bear the sight of the water toward which we were plunging.

"She saw me, and in all the horror that surrounded us I felt a great happiness, for there was trust, confidence and admiration in that look; it said, 'You will save me.'

"Up to that time I believe she thought she was riding to death alone.

"Then I was close beside her, and as we came toward the turn in the road I reached over and seized, for one instant, the handlebars of her wheel, keeping both wheels pointed for the open field and the river.

"There was a minute's jar as we crossed the field, then the river seemed to spring forward to meet us. There was a dull shock, and a plunge into the water.

"I found myself, when I had recovered from the force of the blow, half standing, half floating in the shallow water holding Emily Brant, who was white and unconscious. The landscape seemed to be spinning round like a top.

"I realized we had escaped serious injury, as the river had acted as a cushion and lessened the force of the impact as we plunged from our wheels. She soon revived, but was very weak and dizzy. That night the order of things was changed: I remained, and it was Farnow who left for the city.

"From that day the haze of Indian summer that threatened to envelop my life has given place to the glory of noon tide."

"For a moment or two as Fred ceased speaking we both sat looking at the grate fire where the coals glowed in the ruddy flame.

I was thinking, knowing Fred as well as I did, that Emily might well consider that hour a fortunate hour for her, though at the time it carried with it a great dread; but all I said was, "Thanks for the story, old man."

HENRY E. HAYDOCK.

EMPEROR WILLIAM may be bumptious, but he says and does many smart and good things. He says many imprudent things, too, and he does things occasionally that smack of the high-handed tyranny of the father of Frederick the Great. The other day, for instance, he had one of his army officers arrested for smoking in a public place contrary to rules. The poor fellow was treated to unnecessary degradation, considering the slight infringement of rules. But what rules for the enlightened nineteenth century?

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Wickwire—"How many kinds of vegetables do they give you at your lodgings?"
Yabsley—"Oh, every kind—except fresh ones."

"I ATE a piece of pie for supper last night."
"How did you feel when you awoke this morning?"
"I haven't been to sleep yet."

A GHOST OF A SOUL.

A DOZEN or more letters lie upon a teak writing-desk elaborately carved with dragons winding in and about much heavy fretted ornamentation. Close beside the letters is a tiny dagger of finest workmanship. Beside these things sits a woman in a high-backed teak chair carved to match the desk.

Speaking of finest workmanship, does it not sometimes seem as if a certain woman were the product of art, rather than of Nature? Might one not imagine her a distinct effort of genius, as evidenced by this or that line and curve, and the perfect finish of the whole? Could we not fancy that she is not so much flesh and blood as the result of molding, chiseling, coloring and harmonizing of all the parts by some adorning artist?

This, of course, does not imply that all the warm human impulses do not stir and beat within such a being, but merely that here a miracle has happened, to bring new joy to the world once more, and we have Nature and Art in one.

Such an impression this woman gives. And so pervasive is this ideal charm and beauty that the very clothes she wears and the solid things about her catch something of its expression.

She sits with folded hands and bowed head. But a head crowned with such gleaming, buoyant splendor of gold-red hair was meant to be held aloft in fullest happiness, not bent in suffering of soul.

Her skin is strikingly, exquisitely fair, taking on close under the touch of the warm-tinted hair almost a luminous look, after the fashion occasionally seen with this peculiar coloring.

The moments slip by, and no sound breaks the stillness. At last the woman puts out a quivering hand toward the letters. It is clear that they are arranged as if they were documentary evidence upon a judge's desk.

Taking up a letter she unfolds it and reads the following:

"Paris, June 3.

"My dearest Anne:

"What is this uncanny feeling that haunts me so? What can it mean? Is something dreadful going to happen? Think of my asking such a question. But it really seems as if in spite of my principles I were getting as fanciful and superstitious as any old woman who will half frighten one's heart out with her yarns and omens! I do believe I could solemnly tell you there was a coffin in the candle last night, or that the bird that flew in the window meant woeful things to come, while as for the thirteen-at-table possibilities, I should never think of risking them! But to be serious, it is certainly very strange how my heart suddenly grows benumbed and I seem conscious of some pervading misery, and this no matter how gay it is about me; and, strangest of all, I fancy the feeling grows stronger (or does it only come then?) when Mr. Acton, of whom I have written you so much of late, is beside me—though, for the matter of that, he is almost constantly with me."

Laying this aside, the woman now takes up letter after letter without pause.

"Paris, June 5.

"Thank Heaven, dearest, I have your cablegram in answer to mine, saying you are well. I suffered horribly till it came (you can guess what I thought of), for do you know all my philosophy couldn't hold its own a moment against the fact of this singular vision of you. Why, it was you in every particular, though all was so very shadowy, and you were so close to me I could almost have touched you—the vision I mean. I fainted, of course, and would have fallen to the pavement, or rather on and among all the flowers and flower-pots around me (we were at the flower show about the Madeleine), but that Mr. Acton caught me in his arms. A queer place, wasn't it, for one to see visions? So charming and happy a scene it is, and flooded with sunshine! But that makes me think there is no doubt (ah, how I hate to admit it!) that my nerves are rather unstrung by too much of this enchanting, adorable, never-to-be-forgotten Parisian life. So (and this you will be glad to hear, you're always such a dear fuzzer about me), only a dinner or two more—a gown or two more, and we leave for soberer parts. By the way, I've just gotten a dream of a gown; it ought to be yours, though, for I shan't do it justice with my pale eyes and pale, smoky hair. It's green, or a sort of green; there's a mystery about the color."

"Paris, June 6.

"Anne, Anne dear:

"Am I losing my senses? Oh, what is it? Again you—a faint, filmy you—has appeared to me. I am nearly beside myself with terror. It happened as Mr. Acton and I were in a picture gallery, standing before the portrait of a woman with wonderful hair and fair skin like yours, though she is not half so beautiful. I had just told Mr. Acton that he might almost fancy he had seen you from having seen this portrait, gushing on about you as I love to do. I noticed a far-off, singularly moved look upon his face as he stared at the picture, when at that moment my eyes were drawn to where, a foot or two away, stood the vague outline of your figure. I have an awful impression of the vision's face as whiter than the fierce whiteness of mountain snow."

"Paris, June 12.

"Oh, dearest, listen to me across the water—pity me! Oh, if you were but by me! I sit here in misery of soul. About me on all sides are heaps of medical books. I have been searching them for hours. Every night I search through them till daylight. They tell me what I have feared—have known, I think, for the past few days. They say that visions mean insanity. And oh, the vision—your shadow with its gleaming hair—comes more and more often now! Think what that means! And I alone have seen you—it, I mean. Mr. Acton, who is so often by me—as it has happened, always by me when you come—has never once seen you; no, nor has any one else; I have made very sure of that. So there is no doubt, not a moment's doubt, and I am mad—Christ have pity on me!"

"And now all is over, forever over. But, oh! I must tell you quickly what is over and past, dead and yet suffering, for how can I count upon the next instant even?

"Some hours ago (or was it a thousand years?) Mr.

Acton came. If he spoke, or if I went to him without his uttering a word, I scarcely know; but I lay upon his breast as one absorbed into the pulsing life of another being. His kisses fell fast upon my lips, the strength of his passion whirled about me like breaths from a hot desert; he bade me look up, when—oh, God! there was your image close beside us—you who would give your life for me, yet who strangely bring me such tortures! But no, it is not strange; you are so part of myself—and oh, I am thankful, thankful it is you who come if I must see visions!

"And now there is something I want you to do for me, dear—a last wish, perhaps!

"I have written my lover (yes, I will say that once, just once) that—God forgive the monstrous lie!—that I do not love him, that I did not know myself last night—I have found out better since—that I love *some one else!* When he gets the letter we shall be gone from Paris. But oh! I need not fly away and hide myself—he will despise me utterly as a flippant, miserable, paltry creature, who is not worth another thought, or the least effort to see again!

"You see, or you would if you had ever known him, that I *had* to end it this very night. I could not trust myself to bear to-morrow—his coming. Once he were by me I *must* have hidden my hideous secret (how I have struggled to hide it these past days!) and have promised all he asked. Then think of what might have come! Oh, God, think of that!

"And now this is what you must do for me, dear.

"If the worst comes, as it surely seems it is coming—as I pray it will quickly that I may forget!—when I am quite lost, quite mad!—then, and not one moment before, as you love me, search for him till you find him and tell him all. I want—oh, so unspeakably!—to have him think differently of me from what he will in a few hours. And then, above all, he must know that such love as his was not lightly put aside!

"Ah, at last the dawn is here! How it creeps about—it has long, cold fingers that stretch from eternity and clutch at one's heart!"

This last sheet slips from the woman's hand and a low groan escapes her lips. She rises, takes a turn or two about the room and then seats herself at the desk.

"It will seem nothing after this," she murmurs, as she seizes a pen and writes:

"Dear, you whom I love till no words are tender enough or true enough to express it—I am going to lay my soul bare to you, to tell you the most sacred secret of my life—and the only one I could ever have had from you—for there is no other way out of the pitiful, heart-rending mesh of circumstances that entangle us. To you, then, I say what a proud woman finds it hard to say. I love—I have loved for years—the man who loves you! You think you know how I can love, but add to the love which I give you what a woman feels for a man and you will understand my passion. Dear, I have staggered with it—it has wished I were a clog by the roadside, a beast of the fields, to escape the pressure of the agony. And now from this great love a strange, a wonderful thing has happened. Oh, my darling, the vision does not mean what you think; your brain, thank God, is sound as ever; but you and I have now been taught that the things we laughed and scoffed at in days gone by are undoubted realities. We know now that the mystics have the truth of it, that their teachings are justified. It has been made clear, so bitterly clear to us, that there is an inmost something—a soul, we'll call it—which may even leave the body, and, passing where it will, take form and color for eyes fitted to see it.

"Do you not see now what the vision was? Must I make it plainer? Then (and this you will understand), this something in me, this soul, was swept by the stupendous current of my love through the far stretches of space between us till it stood beside the man who is its master. This soul, or very life, you, being sensitive and bound close to me, could see though I was vacant air to others.

"How I say 'T—and my old beliefs! Those foolish, paltry, blind beliefs!'

"Are you wondering when I knew this man, your lover?—You were still at school, and I just out. Since that winter we have not met.

"And now, dear, one confession more. I do not know if it were so I would not like to think that I, who have always loathed it, could feel what is called jealousy—and of *you!*—but oh, these have been bitter hours since first your letters had news of him. Such burning, torturing, striving thoughts, such fierce, miserable longings must have roused, have brought forth a soul from a stone even; no wonder that I went to him!

"I knew from the first that he would love you—how could he have helped it, my sweet?—just as I soon knew that he would never love me. Do not think for an instant that he ever tried to make me care for him—oh, but you would not; you know that such a man cannot come into a woman's life but to be loved by her.

"I fancied sometimes he guessed my secret (from your words I see now that he did), and how I keep it always hidden? How could he help seeing that I shook like an aspen and grew white when he came. You tell me of his voice. Ah, do I not know every tone? I, who have shivered, have basked, have dreamt dreams under the spell of its magic! My poor little one, no wonder you could not trust yourself to listen to his pleadings. Oh Christ, what must it be when he loves one!

"And now I in turn have something to ask of you (your wish, thank Heaven, need never be fulfilled); no, it is not to ask, to beg—it is to command, rather: Dear, this is my dying prayer!

"Here it is. As soon as you get this letter do not lose a moment; write to this man who loves you, recalling him to you. Then tell him all—all. I will have nothing hidden between you (but then he knows already how I love him!) and knowing all he can comfort you; he will say: 'Dear, it is her highest triumph thus to have given her life for you, her dearest happiness thus to have expiated the cruel suffering she so unwittingly brought you.'

"And so, sweet, my best, do not grieve for me. No poor, empty, parched-up existence do I leave behind me. Have I not loved you and him? Have I not known

the utmost range of passion, tender, faithful and huger than mountains? So much all mortals do not know.

"And I go, feeling sure that such love as mine for him must end with life—or, rather, that death will take all the fierceness, the wildness, the struggle away, though my love, happily, lives on. So being different—oh, so different—from what I am now, I would never bring you any more pain.

"My soul will know nothing but peace after this. 'May your life and his together be like heaven itself. Good-bye!'

After sealing and addressing this, the woman gathers together the letters lying beside her, and putting them upon a metal dish, sets fire to them.

A few moments later a faint moon jars through the stillness of the room, and the woman's head sinks forward upon her breast. A long, slanting ray of sunlight making its way between the closed blinds leaps into vivid glory as it falls upon her hair.

FRANCES MACDANIEL.

HOME-MADE MILLINERY.

WHAT to wear at the seashore is a very important question with most of us at present. Feathers are a delusion, as the sea air makes the best of them look thin and limp; so that the midsummer fashion of wings and birds is really an inspiration. The little toque shown here is suitable for a young lady and is made on the shape given below. It is not difficult to accomplish if you follow my directions. The flowers are purple petunias with a crown of mauve



straw and black wings. The sketch was made from a hat just brought over from Paris by a young lady who will wear it with a yellow muslin dress dotted with black. Of course it can be reproduced in different colors. To proceed with the making. If a shape exactly like the sketch cannot be made or bought, take the next best thing which will be a simple little cap shape with out the pieces bent upward at the sides. This should be covered with rows of straw three-quarters of an inch wide, neatly lapped over each other, beginning at the outer edge of the shape and ending immediately in the centre of the crown. The wings are next put on, and lastly the flowers should be sewn singly at the edge; it is not necessary that they should go all around—that should depend on the way of dressing the hair and whatever is becoming to you. For instance, some people require the trimming to be full and round at the back, while to others who dress the hair high it is very becoming. Instead of straw the crown may be covered with spangled net, in which case the wire shape should first of all have a covering of plain Brussels net stretched tightly over it, the edges of the net being turned under the inside for fully an inch. You then have something firm to attach the flowers to. The same effect can be produced by using the crown of a yellow straw hat that has already done duty; add yellow roses and either white or black wings.

The shade hat shown here is for a young girl. It can be of straw with a drapery of lace or made entirely of the lace shirred on wires; this last is rather difficult. The lace which is to be draped over a straw hat should be about seven inches wide, and when put on, allowed



to hang over the edges of the hat from two to three inches. A fan-shaped bow of finely plaited mouseline-de-soie is in front and the plaiting is continued with a sort of jabot effect, all round the crown, which is rather flat. For older people this mode may be worn when carried out in black lace and black mouseline trimmings. Very soft plaited chiffon may also be used for the drapery, but the least stiffness has a very ugly effect.

At almost every large dry goods store the cheaper grades of Leghorn hats can be bought at ridiculously low prices during the midsummer sales. One of these, when draped as I have described, will look very handsome and the quality of the hat underneath will never be apparent. This style of trimming is more fashionable at the French watering-places than the hats elaborately trimmed with flowers.

CERISE.

TO THE NORTH POLE BY BALLOON.

ACS previously stated in these columns, a Swedish *servant* and aeronaut, M. Andrée, who has executed many remarkable balloon ascensions, notably one by himself over the Baltic Sea, is at present organizing an expedition to the North Pole in a balloon, to cost one hundred and eighty thousand francs, already raised by public subscription, the King of Sweden having headed the list with forty thousand francs. The balloon will be of six thousand cubic metres in size, and is being constructed in Paris.

It is expected that the ascension will take place in July, 1896, from one of the islands northwest of the Spitzberg Archipelago. A shed, built in Sweden, will be raised here as a shelter for the balloon during the time it will take to inflate it, and for as long as it may be necessary to wait for a wind blowing in the direction of the Pole, which is one thousand one hundred kilometres distant from this point, as the crow flies. M. Andrée will be accompanied by M. Nils Ekholm, as astronomer of the expedition.

M. Andrée hopes that by employing a balloon of doubled silk, from which cordage heavy enough to resist the rising tendency of the balloon produced by the sun's heat would be suffered to drag on the ground,

he may be able to cruise about for a whole month in the unknown region surrounding the Pole. In the season which he has selected for his ascension, he believes there will be no difficulty from snow or violent wind storms. Should his anticipations prove true, he will be able to travel thousands of miles in an unknown region, and the scientific results cannot fail to be most valuable. The photographic views he hopes to take should alone make the hazardous enterprise the most important of modern times.

One of the most serious problems which will confront this daring explorer and his two companions is how to return with their expected treasures of information. But the same difficulty confronts every expedition that sets out for the terrible Polar regions. The dangers M. Andrée will court in exposing himself to the caprice of the winds will perhaps be no greater than those which Nansen faced when he abandoned himself to the submarine currents on which the ice-fields drift in Northern seas.

M. Andrée has invented a deviator which is the most original item of his outfit. Its efficacy has been tested in a trial voyage executed on July 14, 1894, with remarkable success, and until his departure he will devote himself to the task of perfecting the instrument and of accustoming it to its manipulation.

As it now stands, the apparatus consists of a sail attached to a cross-piece of the circle, and a guide-rope attached to one of eleven loops fixed on the rear portion of the circumference.

When the cable or guide-rope is dropped, it drags on the ground or in the water, producing energetic friction which prevents the balloon from turning on itself, and retards its movement.

If the guide-rope is attached to the centre loop and the sail is unfurled, the balloon follows the direction of the wind without hindrance. But if the guide-rope is fixed in one of the northern loops, the sail forms an angle with the line of direction of the wind, and produces a lateral impulse which drives the balloon to one side, and causes the trajectory to deviate toward the right of the Pole. An opposite effect is produced by fastening the guide-rope to one of the southern loops.

The aeronaut therefore hopes to manoeuvre as he pleases in an angle all the greater as the friction produced by the guide-rope is stronger, and according as the wind is more violent. If the force of the latter is too great, the aeronaut throws ballast to disengage the guide-rope and execute an ordinary ascension.

This method of aerial navigation is identical with that which the inventors of manageable balloons have always tried to realize in their experiments, from the days of Giffard to Renard. Never before, however, neither with the steam engine, nor by human force, nor by electricity, has a deviation of 30° been produced, like those which M. Andrée has effected from the first with his balloon. As the deviation may be changed at will to the north or the south, it is in reality an angle of 60° which M. Andrée commands, or a sixth of the whole horizon. If he succeeds in repeating this manoeuvre consecutively during twenty or thirty hours, he is certain of arriving at the Pole, provided he has been skillful enough to choose a wind which in that space of time would not shift more than a quarter, to left or right.

FIFTY THOUSAND pounds for a million square miles of territory seems literally dirt cheap. This is the bargain Great Britain has just closed with the British East Africa company who, in consideration of the above-named sum, have sold to the Government all the rights they had secured in the Dark Continent. The Crown now enters into direct control of an area extending four hundred miles northward from the mouth of the Umba, embracing a great part of Somaliland, Uganda, Usoga and other provinces. Several ports had been in use by the company, the chief being Mombassa, Tamu, Umba and Kisimayu. A speedy development of the resources of the territory may be looked for as a result of the transfer of ownership. The Government will build a railway, and other improvements will naturally follow. The company resigned their Royal charter without reluctance, the territory having grown to be a white elephant on their hands.

O WISE JUDGE! O learned Judge! A Daniel—yea, a Daniel come to judgment! At the City Hall Court Judge Neu heard the case for damages of Mary Johnson against Miss Dolbey for spoiling a new silk dress in the making. The dress in question was produced, and the Judge asked Mrs. Johnson to retire to his private office and put it on. When she reappeared he carefully inspected it, and his critical eye discerned that the bodice was too high in the neck and did not fit easily around the waist. Talk of expert testimony after that! The hearing was adjourned for a week to afford time to Miss Dolbey to make the necessary alterations. Now all the ladies who appear before Judge Neu feel nervous if there is anything wrong with the fit of their gowns.

"*Love me, love my dog*" is an old motto which had better be revived by young women who contemplate entering the married state, since by a decision of the General Court of Common Pleas, rendered recently, a wife may have no claim to her own pet dog. Her husband may sell or give it away if he pleases and his bereaved spouse can claim no redress for her outraged feelings. This seems a little hard on the woman, though, to tell the truth, what some men have suffered from some dogs shall never be known till the Judgment Day, and would in all probability never have been borne, if the law had been defined a little sooner. Still, even with all the judges and juries of the land on his side, there is many a man who would reflect deeply before having recourse to such a high-handed proceeding as to dispose of his wife's toy terrier or pet poodle without consulting her ladyship.

He bore each passing fad or whim,
No wish met his denial,
Her lightest word was law to him,
He stood all test and trial.
Even whispers of her broken oath,
He scorned as idle rumors;
But he gave her back her plighted troth,
The day she put on bloomers.



CONGRESSMAN R. BARTHOLDT, MISSOURI.



CONGRESSMAN J. H. SOUTHARD, OHIO.



CONGRESSMAN J. T. McCLEARY, MINNESOTA.



CONGRESSMAN G. M. CURTIS, IOWA.



CONGRESSMAN H. G. TURNER, GEORGIA.



CONGRESSMAN W. O. ARNOLD, RHODE ISLAND.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.—No. 31.

RE-ELECTED once more from the Second District of Rhode Island, Congressman Warren O. Arnold will be an important figure among Republicans in the Fifty-fourth Congress. He was born in Rhode Island in 1839, educated in the public schools, and has long been a prosperous manufacturer. In 1884 he was elected alternate delegate to the National Republican Convention. Shortly afterward he was elected to the Fifty-first Congress, and since that time has kept his seat in the National House.

George M. Curtis of the Second Iowa District will be a new figure in Congress. He was born in this State in 1844; removed with his parents to Illinois in 1866; was reared on a farm and educated in the common schools and at Rock River Seminary, Mount Morris, Ill. He has been a member of the Iowa General Assembly; delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1892; and was elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress as a Republican by 18,719 votes against 18,274 for the Democratic candidate.

J. T. McCleary, Representative-elect from the Second District of Minnesota, was born in Ingersoll, Canada, in 1853, and was graduated at McGill University, Montreal. After a bright career as an instructor in Wisconsin, he became State Institute Conductor in connection with the Normal School at Mankato, Minn., in 1881. For eleven years he discharged the duties of this important position with honor to himself and profit to the State. He has conducted Institutes in many places in the West and Northwest. At the Mankato Normal School he is now professor of political

science and history. In 1888 Professor McCleary published his well-known "Studies in Civics," and as a public lecturer he is in much demand. He has latterly written a "Manual of Civics," and for the State Central Committee he wrote last year "Studies in Political Science," covering Money and Prices. Elected to the Fifty-third Congress, he served on the Railways and Canals and the Labor Committees. He was re-elected as a Republican to the Fifty-fourth Congress by a plurality of 13,000, the largest in the State.

Richard Bartholdt, who will represent the Tenth Missouri District, is an active Republican, and served in the Fifty-third Congress. He was born in Germany, November 2, 1853; came to this country as a boy; received a classical education; learned the printing trade, and remained a newspaper man ever since; was connected with Eastern papers as reporter, legislative correspondent, and editor, and at one time was editor-in-chief of the *St. Louis Tribune*; was elected to the Board of Public Schools of St. Louis, and in November, 1891, was chosen its president. He was elected to the Fifty-third Congress as a Republican by 3,000 majority, and re-elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress by a plurality of 8,000 votes. In the last Congress he was a leading member of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, and the only Republican member from Missouri, which made his work very laborious. He is a ready debater, and delivered speeches on the silver, tariff and other leading questions. In the next Congress he will be the Dean of a Republican delegation of ten from his State.

James Harding Southard, member of Congress from the Ninth District of Ohio, was born in Ohio in 1851. His life was spent upon a farm until he reached the age of twenty years. His collegiate education was obtained at Cornell University, New York. He began the study of law in the spring of 1875, and was admitted to practice in the courts of the State two years later. Since the year 1877 he has continued in the practice of his profession in the city of Toledo. He served one year as Assistant Prosecuting Attorney and six years as Prosecuting Attorney for the county in which he resides. He has also served as chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Toledo. In the spring of 1894 he was nominated by the Republicans of his Congressional district, which is composed of Lucas, Fulton, Wood and Ottawa Counties, as a candidate for Congress, and last fall was elected Congressman from said district by the handsome plurality of 6,606 over his competitors, Byron F. Ritchie on the Democratic and Rev. George Cande on the Populist and Prohibition tickets.

Henry G. Turner of the Eleventh Georgia District has been uninterruptedly re-elected since the Forty-seventh Congress, of which he was a member. He was born in North Carolina in 1839; left the University of Virginia in 1857 on account of his father's death; went to Georgia in 1858 and began teaching; served in the Confederate Army; was admitted to the Bar in 1865; was Presidential elector in 1872; and was three times a member of the Georgia General Assembly. He is a Democrat, and is prominent in the politics of his State.

THE CORNELL CREW'S DEFEAT AT THE HENLEY REGATTA.

THE mission of the Cornell crew to the Henley Regatta in England this summer has ended in an unfortunate fiasco. The many triumphs of the Cornell oarsmen since the University first seriously took up rowing in 1873, had perhaps emboldened the present eight to undertake a task beyond its strength. There were many drawbacks during the training, climatic conditions interfering considerably with it. As usual, English critics condemned in advance the "short stroke"—as they did at the time of the training for the great match, in 1869, between Harvard and Oxford. But the trainer, Mr. Courtney, had in twelve years seen his men rarely defeated, and was, perhaps, over-confident. In the trial heat at the Henley Regatta on July 8 for the Grand Challenge Cup, an unlucky occurrence marred Cornell's first appearance. The Leander crew, matched against Cornell, did not start when the umpire gave the word; but Cornell went on, and rowed over the mile course in fine shape, the umpire according them the heat. The Leanders then claimed that they had distinctly informed the umpire that they were not ready, but he refused to listen to them. Thereupon the English press and public very generally criticised the conduct of the Cornells as "unsportsmanlike."

On July 10 the Cornell eight reappeared on the river against the Trinity Hall (Cambridge) crew, and were fairly beaten by nearly eight lengths. Toward the finish the Cornell crew collapsed entirely, Hager, No. 3, and Fennell, No. 5, almost falling out of the boat. Fennell was completely exhausted and has since been under a physician's care. The time made by Trinity, the winning crew, was 7 minutes 15 seconds. The London *Chronicle* attributes Cornell's failure to its "punishing stroke" and to "overtraining." The following were the members of the Cornell crew: F. B. Mathews, Bow; F. O. Spellman, E. C. Hager, F. W. Freeburn, T. P. Fennell, George P. Dyer, C. A. Louis, Thomas Hall, Stroke; F. D. Colson, Coxwain. Cornell valiantly announces that it will send two crews to compete in the Regatta next year.—(See first page.)

THE entry of the Duke of Devonshire into the British Cabinet means, among other things, that the British workingman will soon have a chance to join labor corporations, a pet scheme of the Duke. Is American organized labor waiting for the Duke to set the pace?

THINK of people—boys, girls, men and women—working this hot weather, at starvation wages, in hot, foul-aired cellars; little children laying among the clippings and shoddy refuse of the tailor sweatshops;

a little boy twelve years old at work, under a sworn certificate that he was fifteen; the toilet-rooms in garret and cellar and basement in an unspeakably filthy condition. This is part of what the Reinhard Committee found on their first detective visit to the sweating district in this city. The great heart of the American people will not tolerate this condition; and the greed that makes it possible must hunt a new country, whether or not this greed is partly on the side of the toilers and partly on the side of the sweating employers. The system must get out of here.

"DON'T be a fool!" she said, with a snap, to her husband. "Why didn't you tell me that when I asked you to marry me?" he replied.

"JUST think," said Mrs. Walkin to her maid, "the very next day after my new black dress was sent home I was called to go out of town to a funeral."

"Wasn't that nice?" was the absent-minded reply.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

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PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

IT seems, if we may pin our faith to the latest dictum from Paris, that crepon is destined to be the "one and only" dress material for still another season. All the new stuffs being put on the market for next autumn and winter are varieties of crepon, different in weave and texture from those we have already seen with us, it is true, but still crepon. This is truly comforting news, in view of the fact that so many of us are supplied with gowns of that well-wearing and costly material. Certainly it would be difficult to improve on crepon. Besides its softness, richness and becomingness, there is a distinction about it so marked that all the cheap imitations which have flooded the markets have not succeeded in vulgarizing it. It is absolutely necessary to line crepon with stiff taffeta silk, to show it off to advantage, as otherwise it sags and bags in a most distressing way. No doubt this is the reason its popularity has been kept up, as all the cheaply made gowns of inferior grades of crepon fall so far short of the kinds worn by the best-dressed women that no room for comparison exists. Light shades of crepon make charming summer frocks, being cooler and less "fussy" than silk ones.

A pretty blouse of beige crepon is shown in the first illustration here. The trimming is of laurel-green velvet. The fronts and back of the glove-fitting linings are covered at the top to round yoke depth with velvet, which continues to the waist in pointed vest style, and is



6396—LADIES' WAIST

closed in the centre with small gilt buttons. The low cutaway fronts and back overlap the velvet, and are trimmed on the edges with gilt-threaded green silk gimp. Both fronts and back are adjusted over the linings by gathers at the waistline, a belt of velvet encircling the waist. A close-fitting curate collar of velvet finishes the neck. Very full sleeve puffs are mounted over comfortable sleeve linings that are faced to above the elbow with crepon. A double row of shirring divides the puff in butterfly style, a band of velvet studded with buttons forming the decoration. The waist has the unusual merit of being very generally becoming, and the pattern will be found very practical and useful in remodeling or making up new cotton gowns of batiste, lawn, gingham or wash silks. All-over embroidery or lace can be used for the yoke and vest portion, with edging to match, the fitting sleeves being made to correspond. An invisible closing can be effected if preferred. Pattern 6396 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

The useful pattern of a Misses' night-gown, 6494, may be made up in white



6494—MISSES' NIGHT DRESS

cambric and tastefully trimmed with English embroidery, strips of insertion to match alternating with fine tucking to form the pretty yoke. The full fronts and back are gathered at the top, being shaped to conform to the pointed outline of the yoke, to which they are joined. A box-plait finishes the opening on the right, and a hem on the left, which are supplied with buttons and buttonholes to

effect a closing in the centre front. A frill of embroidery put on with a narrow band of insertion finishes the neck. Full Bishop sleeves are gathered at the top, the lower edges being drawn into wrist-bands of insertion, that pass over the hands and are finished with deep frills of embroidery to match that edging the yoke. Narrow, colored satin ribbon can be worn through the neck and wrist-bands and tied in pretty bows as here shown. This comfortable nightgown can be made up as daintily, or as plainly, as desired, the choice of material and trimming determining the difference. Lawn, percale, French nainsook, fine linen, or the more durable muslin, are the fabrics mostly used for gowns of this kind, with lace, embroidery, insertion or fancy feather stitching for decoration. Pattern 6494 is cut in five sizes: viz., 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



6493—LADIES' NIGHT DRESS WITH FICHU

Chronic invalids or delicate women who necessarily spend much of their time in bed will value the suggestion conveyed in the style of gown shown in 6498, that can be changed in a second's notice from one of the plainest to the most dainty of its kind. The possibility of transformation is supplied by the handsome fichu collar of French nainsook trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion that for convenience in laundering, and for other obvious reasons, is made separately and tacked on under the frill of lace that finishes the neck. The gown is cut in simple sacque shape, closed with a box-plait in front, the back having three box-plaits stitched to deep yoke depth to give an extra fullness that is very desirable. Full sleeves are gathered at the top and bottom, where they are confined by wrist-bands, from which depend deep frills of nainsook edged with lace. Gowns by this mode can be made in fine white lawn, percale, linen or muslin, or muslin can be used for the gown, with percale, cambric or lawn for the fichu collar and sleeve ruffles. Fine embroidery with insertion to match can be used in place of the lace here shown. Pattern 6498 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

In 6368 a Misses' yoke petticoat is shown. Silk-faced linen, in gray and white stripes, made this neat and tidy underskirt for girls. The front and side



6368—MISSES' YOKE PETTICOAT

gores widen gradually to the lower edge, where they fall in rippled fullness on the sides. The back width is straight, which prevents sagging, the upper edge being gathered to the yoke. This yoke takes the place of a band, and fits smoothly in front and over the hips, closing in the back with buttons and buttonholes. A bias frill of the material, four inches in width, is headed with an inch-wide band cut on the opposite bias, which forms the pretty foot trimming. Two or more narrow frills can be used if preferred, with lace or other decoration, or the skirt can be plainly finished. Taffeta, silk, sateen, seersucker, moire or other colored fabrics are suitable for

skirts of this kind. White skirts of cambric, percale, long cloth or muslin can be daintily trimmed with tucks, bands of insertion and frills of embroidery or lace by this mode. Pattern 6368 is cut in four sizes: viz., 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.

The woman is truly ambitious who attempts to make her husband's shirts; but nothing is impossible to skillful fingers, especially when they have a good pattern to work from. The comfortable style of men's yoke dress shirt shown in 6370 is rapidly gaining in favor, being as easily adjusted as a coat, without fear of wrinkling the bosom. The fronts open all the way down the centre, the closing being made with very small plain gold or pearl studs. The linen bosom is in shield shape; three plies are used to give the proper stiffness, the outer one being of very fine linen. A shallow square yoke joins the fronts to the gathered upper portion of the well-fitting back. The sleeves are amply wide, finished with laps at the regular openings in the back, the lower edges being gathered into wrist-bands that close with links. The neck-band fits perfectly, the back of the yoke being provided with a strap which holds the necktie in place. Shirts of this kind are usually made from white muslin or cambric, with fine linen for the bosom



6370—MEN'S SHIRT

and coarse linen for the double lining. Fancy colored percales in stripes, dots, checks and figures, as well as other fancy shirtings, are desirable and fashionable. This style is designed for either full-dress or ordinary wear. Pattern 6370 is cut in four sizes: viz., 34, 38, 42 and 44 inches breast measure.

PARIS FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 25.

I HAVE seen a very pretty gown of soft gray crepon that had a very modish and up-to-date adaptation of the Marie Antoinette fichu. The bodice had a high collar of the cloth which flared away in front to show chemisette and stock of white mull. The mull fichu was cut with a curve and edged with three wide ruffles. It was carried across the back, rather low down, and then about the top of the sleeves, so that the upper part of the crepon bodice was by no means covered. The ruffles ended when the fichu had passed over the sleeves; the narrow ends were drawn down to the waistline, crossed and carried about to the back where they tied, as sash ends, with two short stiffened loops, and long ends hanging down on the skirt. These ends were edged with ruffles. This idea should prove very popular with those who dislike the bouncy effect the ordinary fichu gives, and can be accomplished with a little planning. The ordinary fichu could be cut out in the centre to fit nicely over the back and shoulders. The crepon skirt was made in the usual godet style, which remains the accepted form,

although a feature of some of the very newest skirts is the flat plait down each side of the front breadth in addition to the back and side godets.

I have already seen some of the autumn wools at the wholesale houses. I shall have more to say about them later when they are in the hands of the dressmaker, but it may be interesting to know that the crepon effect is still pre-eminent. The new crepons are of mohair wool, and are distinctly different in weaving and in pattern from the spring and summer ones. A charming novelty is a crepon of mohair and wool, the colored mohair surface having a pattern woven on it in black wool, the scroll and conventionalized leaf designs being largely used. Most of the fancy wools show the pattern in black on a colored ground; and one can see how effective this stuff will be in a gown trimmed with black, or with black accessories. There are also effective wool crepons with mohair cords in them.

The wool velvets will be introduced again this autumn. They were not very successful last year, but the new ones are much nicer in designs and show all the new colors. Gray and dahlia, which is a refined shade of the aubergine we tired so of last winter, appear in the new goods, also the Oriental and cashmere designs that are so fashionable now. Peacock blue will also appear, and should be popular as a novelty. In wools it does not come in the plain color, but from weaving the blue and green threads together, which gives a very rich tone.

I was glad to note some serges and smooth-faced cloths. The latter show a mottled surface in *fade* colors.

I must tell you of two charming gowns made here for the Royal Derby week in England. One was of light-green cloth with an irregular white thread running through it. The skirt had three narrow flat folds about the hem of white silk embroidered lightly with small gold paillettes and beads. The jacket bodice was tight-fitting with full plaited coat-tails. The jacket only reached to the waistline in front and the sides turned over in broad revers which were slashed into points. These revers kept the same size from throat to waist, and were faced with gold-embroidered white silk. In the back the jacket had a coat collar of green and a shorter one over it like the revers. There was a stock and vest-front of white silk mull.

The other gown had an untrimmed skirt of a thin brown wool, woven to show indistinct squares. The bodice had a blouse of fancy green and gold silk, which was almost covered by a tab of the wool which was edged by a fine embroidery of green and gold beads. This tab left the blouse exposed under the arms, but reached to the base of the collar, with one narrow curved slashing in front reaching to the bust. The high silk collar turned away in flaring points in front, showing a scarf of ecaru gauze which tied in a large butterfly under the chin. The sleeves were of the fancy silk.

These large butterfly bows of gauze placed under the chin have caught on immensely. They are very dainty and becoming, and the choker of almost any gown can be turned away to allow of one. They are particularly suited to a gown showing a jacket effect with a soft vest.

Elaborate jacket suits are really the best liked for dressy costumes. The jackets are of rich brocades with skirts of a plain color; or black satin jackets

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are worn with a skirt built of a brocade. They are as elaborate as buttons, fancy waistcoats and lace falls can make them.

I saw rather an odd gown of light-brown cloth at one of the tailors lately. The skirt had three inch-wide tucks about the hem, each tuck being headed by a line of heavy ecru lace embroidery. The same idea was carried out in the gigot sleeves. They were arranged in circular inch-wide tucks from shoulder to wrist, the tucks being separated by a narrow line of the lace. The bodice was tight-fitting with coat-tails in the back. In front a soft vest of heavy ecru lace was buttoned into the jacket sides with two rows of small gold buttons.

Another very novel gown was of steel-gray wool with a blouse of Oriental silk in *fâde* colors. Over the blouse was an oddly shaped flat cloth collar. The collar separated in the back and was joined by two narrow straps of the cloth fastened by small blue enamel buttons. In front the collar extended in a wide box-plait to the waist, the plait being edged with the buttons.

The couturières are always busy with dainty frocks of fancy silk. A very pretty silk shows blots on a cream ground. The skirt is very original. The side breaths are laid in lengthwise clusters of fine tucks separated by rows of cream lace entrelac. The tucking ends about five inches from the hem, the rest of the panel being a scant ruffle, lace-edged. The bodice has a lace trimming arranged in a *fichu* effect. Two scarfs of lace start from the shoulder seams, are fastened on the bust with lace rosettes, cross at the waistline, and are carried about the waist to tie in the back with long ends. The elbow sleeves have clusters of fine tucks and lace insertion down the outside of the arm.

Summer millinery is very dainty, and airy, and becoming. A great deal of fancy ribbon is used; or, what is very pretty, ribbon in plain colors covered with lace. Wide brims are covered with fluted lace or mull, and soft crowns are the latest feature. These may be of fancy silk like the spring models I described, or of dotted lawn or lace tied about with a fancy ribbon, forming the mob cap crown of the Marie Antoinette period. Bows of wide ribbon have their edges bordered by a braiding of straw, a double ruching of mull or of narrow plain ribbon, or very tiny flowers. A very pretty chapeau is of coarse dead-white straw trimmed in front with a diamond buckle and wings of white gauze. In the back is a large bow of blue ribbon with tiny white daisies sewed thickly on the edge. The wide brim is finished by a ruching of white gauze.

Most of the hats are wide-brimmed, and flowers are generally placed under the brim in the back. With this style of hat, the hair should either be dressed in a soft coil at the nape of the neck, or drawn to the top of the head very softly with loose curls at the neck. The yellow straws are still very much worn, and very pretty ones have soft puffed crowns of dotted yellow lawn. A band of fancy ribbon holds the fullness of the crown and forms a high bow on one side. Roses are placed under the brim against the hair. Feathers are but little used, except the bunches of short ostrich tips on the extreme Marie Antoinette chapeaux; but the manufacturers are preparing for a large demand in the autumn.

ETHELYN FRIEND.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys there are fairly alive with game—wild turkey, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

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SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

A JAPANESE SHUTTLE-COCK.

DRAW the outline of a yataghan blade—a yataghan is a Turkish sword—similar to that shown in the illustration, using strong paper. Let the base be circular. Cut out the drawing, and, using it for a model, cut as many more as may be required. Decorate them with a design painted in water-color, or drawn with colored crayon. Stick wax seals or little



rounds of bread on the circular portions for ballast. Now throw them up in the air and you will see them come down slowly, turning round as they fall, and presenting a graceful and pretty appearance with their bright colors and beautiful motion.

NOTE.—The Chess Column is omitted this week owing to the illness of the editor who has charge of that department.

WHIST.

WHIST, well named the king of card games, is making such strides in popular favor that a few maxims and hints upon the present style of play will prove acceptable to many who find that a knowledge of the game has become one of the requirements of the social circle.

Whist differs from all other card games in that it never was and never could be a gambling game. It is played in ten thousand clubs and whilst circles on account of its instructive, fascinating and refining tendencies without any incentive beyond that of acquiring a knowledge of "good whist." Its popularity is on the increase, and it is safe to say, that with the advent of duplicate whist, which eliminates every element of chance, the craze, if we may be excused for so designating it, has come to stay. A little book knowledge, therefore, or a few timely tips on the modern wrinkles, will benefit a beginner and make him a more acceptable partner; in fact, it is a duty which he owes to himself and society to be somewhat posted on the conventionalities of the game, if he permits himself to play at all.

Colonel Drayton, a popular English author, aptly says "that many persons who blunder through a game of whist will excuse their mistakes in a very self-satisfied way by saying they 'never studied a book in their lives, as they only play for amusement.' Just suppose a lady of mature years sitting down to a piano and banging the notes at random, without any idea of harmony or tune. It would indicate a singular type of mind if, when it was suggested that there would be a more pleasant noise if the lady had learned her notes, she replies, 'Oh, I only play the piano for amusement.'"

It is a mistake to suppose that the modern game is intricate and difficult of acquirement. It is easier to learn and more readily understood than the old one. Science has done for the modern game what the introduction of algebraic signs did for mathematics—it has cleared away the fog of uncertainty and made it an exact science built upon demonstration and tangible facts. The old game was a haphazard, every-one-for-himself sort of a game, depending to large extent upon the holding of the high cards, and wherein the little cards were of no account. The modern game is a combination of forces, utilized so as to stay the partner's hands to the best possible advantage. A perfect system is followed, so that every card played becomes an intelligible sentence in the language of the game.

The object of the play is to impart the greatest possible amount of information to the partner, so that when you throw a card, no matter at what stage of the game, you are supposed to endow it with all the whist knowledge you possess. It is astonishing to see how much can be said by the fall of an insignificant little card and what influence it may exert upon the result of the game. Take, for example, the very first card led. The

modern rule is to lead off with the fourth best card of your longest suit. Your partner opens the game by leading eight of hearts. You know that he holds exactly three better than the one played. You look at your hand, and are delighted to find that you are also strong in hearts. You hold king, jack and nine, so don't be in a hurry or anxious about the taking of that trick. Your partner has told you, as plainly as if he spoke in so many words, that he holds three of the higher cards, and you hold the others; and as that one little card told you the tale, do not worry as to how the rest of that suit will eventually go, *after trumps have been cleared*.

An old-timer, who had played whilst all his life and thoroughly agreed with his admirers in rating himself the cleverest player "in them parts," relates an experience with two young ladies from the city who visited their circle. He says: "We took tricks with our aces, of course but very seldom scored our kings, and our queens and jacks were of no account whatever. They took tricks with little twos and threes after we had none of them, and so bewildered us that I asked for an explanation, and was told about the management of trumps and the bringing in of long suits in a way that made me and my old partner feel that we had just been playing picture cards all our lives and knew nothing else."

The following ending of a game may be taken as a fair illustration of the way we were treated. Both sides had but one point to make to score game, and as we had booked six tricks to their two, we felt that we had a pretty sure thing. I held two trumps and was out of hearts, and partner held the ace of diamonds, which he felt sure was good; but they had the lead and somehow or other gathered those five tricks as clean as a whistle. We played it over a dozen times afterward, but they had us beaten and proved a win of five straight tricks. Here are the hands, given as Problem No. 1, but it takes a pretty clever head to catch that fifth trick!"



Diamonds trumps. North leads, and with his partner, South, takes all five

tricks. We give this problem for our experts to ponder over, and next week will have something to say about the "management of trumps," and will show how those skillful young ladies beat the big trumps with little ones.

SUSIE SINGLETON.

FOR THE INNER MAN.

BY "A BLUE APRON."

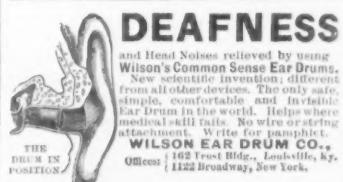
ICED COFFEE.—To every quart of good strong clear coffee add half a pint of hot milk. Allow it to become cold, then stir in half a pint of thick cream and sugar to taste. Pour into a glass jug and stand on ice until slightly frozen. If expense is no object, cream may be used instead of part milk and part cream.

CAMEMBERT SANDWICHES.—Take a ripe Camembert cheese and beat it into cream. Spread on slices of brown bread. Sprinkle with few chopped gherkins and cut into pretty little shapes. These are nice for afternoon tea.

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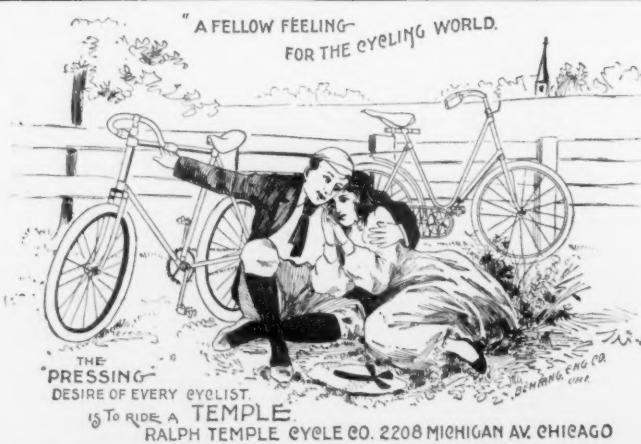
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